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JAMES HENRY.

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British Legations.

A LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD,

CONCERNING

THE LATE AGGRESSION

ON THE

BRITISH EMBASSY IN JAPAN.

BY

A BRITISH SUBJECT

TRAVELLING WITH HER MAJESTY'S PASSPORT.

British Legations.

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BRITISH SUBJECTS IN JAPAN.



A BRITISH SUBJECT

TRAVELLING WITH HER MAJESTY'S PASSPORT.

BRITISH LEGATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

TEGERNSEE, NEAR MUNICH, OCT. 8. 1861.

Sir,

At my breakfast this morning, while I awaited in this town the arrival of the post from Munich, I took up the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of October the 6th, which happened to be lying on the table, and what do you think was the first object met my eyes? no less than a long extract from your paper of ***, in which, speaking of the late aggression on the English Embassy at Jeddo, you express an opinion (entirely, and with manifest malicious pleasure, agreed in by the German editor) that such aggression was most probably rather an act of self-defence or provoked retaliation, than an aggression. Your arguments in support of this opinion may be reduced to these two; first, the well known and generally admitted selfish, aggrandizing, and interfering policy of the British nation in its relations with newly opened countries, especially of late years and under liberal administrations, and secondly, the no less well known and admitted insolent demeanour of the British nation's agents, representatives, and commissioners, towards the natives of those countries; both, good grounds, I must own, and not to be called in question by one who has no martial son to send out as cadet to Jeddo, no pious brother who sees looming on the distant horizon a Shang-hai or Peking episcopate; least of

all to be denied by one of the old school, who has lived long enough to see his beloved and once universally respected country pointed at with the finger of scorn by all those, whether individuals or nations, who do not own Mammon to be the chief or only God. So, not with the malicious grin, the ill-concealed pleasure, of the editor of the Augsburg journal, but with the heartfelt sorrow of a fellow-countryman, I too subscribe to your opinion, and, while doing so, beg to be permitted to make out, on behalf of the Japan Embassy, the best case I can in extenuation, or, as the lawyers say, in mitigation of damages; not that I have ever been in Jeddo, or out of Europe, or know any thing personally of Mr. Oliphant, or Mr. Alcock, or other member of the legation, or more of this particular case than another of your readers, but simply because, ever since the year 1823, when I was fool enough to give two gold guineas to the Marquis of Londonderry's secretary, for a Foreign Office passport, having the usual Belgian one in my pocket, I have had so frequently to do with the Foreign Office in London and the British legations and consulates in most of the capitals and ports of Europe, that I may without vanity boast of as extensive and intimate acquaintance with the *naturel* of consuls, ambassadors, secretaries, attachés of legation, and *hoc genus omne* — ay, and of their servants, waiters, and door porters, too — as ever fell to the fortunate lot of any traveller; the more especially, as I never entrusted my business of this sort to a valet-de-place or messenger, but always transacted it *in propria persona*. I say, then, with the just confidence inspired by a nearly forty years' experience, that the blame so eagerly thrown by the public on these functionaries has been too general and indiscriminate, that sufficient allowance has not been made for their particular circumstances and position, and that there are few of those who are so ready to throw the stone at them, who would not themselves, if placed in the same circumstances, act in precisely the same manner. To begin with the most important personage of the whole staff, the door porter — Is he not the representative, at fourth or fifth hand, of her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland? for does he not represent the attaché, who represents the secretary, who represents the ambassador, who represents the foreign minister at home, who represents the queen? Is he not the hinge upon which the whole business

of the legation turns? What access is there, I will not say, to the ambassador, but even to the attaché, without his favor and approbation?

"On aura beau heurter et m'ôter son chapeau,
On n'entre point chez nous sans graisser le marteau."

Is it not he who is to receive all cards, take note of all visits, and with fine tact discriminate who is to be shown up to the salon, who is to be told to call again in an hour or tomorrow, who is to be allowed to stand in the draught of the *portecochère*, and who is to be treated to a seat on the bare form in the narrow crib which serves the burly Janus himself for dressing-room, dining-room and bed-chamber? Is he not, besides, the son or grandson of His Excellency's father's or grandfather's principal cook, and has he not served the flower of his years as corporal or colour-sergeant in the "Queen's Own"? May not such a man be excused if he takes a little state on him, if he tries to suit his demeanour to his high office, and, when a "British subject" calls ineffectually, the third time, for a visa to his Foreign Office passport, taps him with a gracious familiarity on the shoulder, while he whispers in his ear: "Call about this hour tomorrow and we will see what can be done for you"? Next comes the attaché, the son of the Deputy Lieutenant of the East or West Riding, whose interest is so indispensable to secure the Premier's return at the next election for ***. Who could blame him if he too takes a little state on him? If you saw him you would be inclined rather to feel for, pity, and like him, than to censure him; so young! so amiable! so inexperienced! so refined! so delicate! so handsome! with shoulders so narrow and ill developed that you smile and shake your head, incredulous, when I tell you they are the caryatides on which rests the main weight of a legation; with cranium so small, smooth and without tuberosities that you deny point-blank its capacity to accommodate even that first and simplest axiom of diplomatic science, that speech was given to man to enable him the better to conceal his thoughts. Well! I am content. If not now, by and by, and that before very long. In the mean time he is at no loss for occupation more suited to his years and educational acquirements. The downy, blond moustache is to be nurtured, and brought to a more manly colour with lampblack; the unpractised stomach coaxed to

bear sour wine at dinner and cigars before breakfast; intrigues of a gentler sort than political, are to be conducted with the circumspection required by the stern moral feeling of the times, and an acquaintance with scandal to be kept up to par by an hour's daily study of Galignani. To these his congenial occupations let us leave him, and take up the third link of the diplomatic chain, the secretary. He will not detain us long, his office having become, since the happy invention of attachés, almost a sinecure. He is well paid, however, and on that account alone, independently of his having the promise of the first vacant legation, is a man of consequence, and may fairly be allowed, and according to the general practice of the world, to take state upon him. If he ever ✓ clerks a despatch himself, or signs a passport, it is on a wet day, or when a cold or surfeit prevents the attaché from coming to the office. His Excellency, on the other hand, is a perfect model of politeness and affability, that is to say, towards the court officials and his brother ambassadors in the same capital, towards travelling dukes, princes and members of imperial legislatures, as well as towards private gentlemen of his own acquaintance, or furnished with letters of introduction, for to all others he is of course as inaccessible as ever was Great Mogul, or Grand Cham of Tartary. Yet doubt not he too has his duties to perform, scantily recompensed with the title of "Your Excellency", and a salary of two thousand, or, it may be, five thousand a year. Is not his presence, in the opposite box, indispensable every time the King, or even the Crown Prince, makes his appearance in the theatre? Whenever the buck-hunting, grouse-shooting, partridge-shooting, snipe-shooting, hare-coursing oestrus stings his Majesty or a Prince of the blood, must not he be stung too, on the very same day, in the very same hour, at the very same moment? Is he not a Christian and a protestant, yet must spend his whole life among heathens, like these Japanese, or, still worse, among Roman Catholics? To be sure he has his own priest, and, in a corner of his own palace, set apart for the accommodation of his own — the only true — God, enjoys the satisfaction, every Sunday, of joining in a half hour's or hour's denunciation and execration of that heathenism or that Catholicism to which, and to whose professors, he has, as the envoy of an administration which has at long and last found out the secret, that all conscientiously pro-

fessed religions are alike deserving of respect, shown, during the whole length of the preceding week, the most profound deference. Small compensation, indeed, but still, coupled with the salary and honors, some compensation for passing one's whole life within the corrupt banlieue of a despotic, perhaps barbarian, court, and perpetually respiring the poisonous miasma of heathen or popish idolatry. Nor are these the only, or the most severe duties of your ambassador. Ancient Fame, we have read in our youth, was a winged monster with as many garrulous tongues and mouths and ever open eyes and ears as she had feathers upon her body. She never slept, the vixen! but kept flying all night, half way between earth and heaven, listening to, and gathering together, all manner of news, rumours, and reports, true or false it was the same to her. By day she used to take her stand on a house-top or other lofty pinnacle, and chatter her miscellaneous budget into the ears of the listening, curious, and sometimes terrified people. Modern Fame, progressing with the rest of the modern world, does her business in a less clumsy manner; has no need either of wings or feathers or sleepless eyes and ears, never flies half way between heaven and earth, never perches on house-tops or other conspicuous pinnacles, but wholly etherial, without body, without weight, without form, glides with lightning speed along those wire paths with which Civilisation, painfully anxious for her accommodation, has connected together not only villages and cities, but the most remote countries, covering the whole habitable globe with a network of copper, and, for her sole use and behoof, carrying galvanized iron highways into the bowels of the earth, along the bottom of the deepest lakes and seas, and even through the midst of the unfathomable ocean itself. So light, so unimpeded, so expedited, Fame, I will not say posts, I will not say flies, I will rather say is instantaneous from village to village, from city to city, arrives at some great capital, enters through one wall and exits through the other of the several ambassadors' closets, depositing in each the despatches she has brought, and taking up those which are waiting prepared for her, and so, at last, reaches the centre from which she had set out, that *primum mobile* of honest, straightforward and gentlemanly dealing, the Foreign Office of Paris or London, where the minister sits — Lord Russel will excuse me — like a spider in the middle of his web, watch-

ing, at once, far and near, and stirred by the slightest vibration even of the most remote fibres. Into his hand Fame delivers as well her reserved packets as her latest gatherings, and, supplied out of his hand with a new, chokeful postbag, sets out without rest or delay on a new journey, while the minister proceeds to separate and assort the intelligence she has brought him, reserving for his own use and that of his colleagues, whatever he considers least likely to be false, and setting aside for parliament and the public press the remainder or great bulk of the packet. You will excuse me then, Mr. Editor, if I do not allow you to run away bodily with the question, or to despatch the Oliphant and Alcock catastrophe in Japan with the pithy vulgar exclamation, "Sarved them right"; if I insist, on the contrary, that ambassadors and their whole *personnel* are a traduced and vilified *genus*, and that not only have they arduous duties to discharge, but, to judge from my own experience — and it is an old saying "ex uno disce omnes" — discharge those arduous duties, on the whole, with a praiseworthy zeal, exactitude, and conscientiousness towards their respective governments, no less than with as much politeness, deference, and even humility, towards the persons with whom they have to deal, as is consistent with their own distinguished positions and with the dignity of the exalted personages whom they represent, and that the wonder is, not that they discharge the duties of their responsible office — I should rather say irresponsible, for who is there to call them to account, unless some Don Quixote of a newspaper editor like yourself? — so badly as is generally said and supposed, but that they do not discharge them a thousand times worse. Nor is it with me hearsay how these, her Majesty's representatives, comport themselves on their foreign missions; neither is the example I am about to give you an old, threadbare story; for I am myself the party concerned, and the incident is the cause why I am sitting here this morning in Tegernsee, reading the Allgemeine Zeitung and inditing this letter when I should be already beyond the frontier, and not only beyond the frontier but half way up the Brenner. "And what hinders you," I hear you say, "or why aren't you?" Ah! sir, you have never made this journey or you would surmise at once what hinders me, would surmise at once that the secretary of her Majesty's legation at Munich has been out buck-hunting and that, not being able to

get my passport viséed I cannot pass the Austrian frontier; and you would fly into a passion and vow, that, if the case be as you suppose it to be, and I was really at the secretary's office within business hours, and the secretary was absent, and the attaché absent, and no one present to transact the business, and the office locked up, and the passport stamp locked up in the office, the case should be reported to the Minister for Foreign Affairs in London, and not merely the secretary punished, but the ambassador himself reprimanded, whose place it was, if he was above viséing passports himself, to take care at least that his representative, the secretary, should attend regularly at his post to discharge that most important of all his duties, the forwarding of her Majesty's travelling subjects upon their way. For, good God! on what weighty business might not a traveller be bent, what great interests turn on his arriving at a certain distant point within a certain limited time! Might he not be a witness — might he not be the very witness whose testimony is most indispensable for the Crown in the pending *attentat* prosecution? Might he not be an informer posting night and day to warn some Imperial Majesty not to take its usual airing in the park on the following Sunday? How many an anxious mother or daughter sits counting the minutes till the knock is heard at the door, of son or father returning from his long years of exile! How many an affectionate heart of dying sister or widow shall have for ever ceased to beat, if the expected arrival be deferred for forty-eight hours, or even until the next day! But I flew into no passion, called for no punishment of secretary, no reprimand of ambassador, no dismissal or removal of attaché, and, although my sole business at Munich was to get my passport viséed, and although I went to the office of the legation, hours before the office opened, in order to learn at what time the office was to open, and although I was present and waiting at the precise moment, and although I waited in vain a half hour, walking up and down in the draught of the *porte-cochère* — for, large as the palace was, and worthy of the residence of a British ambassador, there was no waiting-room for a "British subject travelling with her Majesty's passport," to be shown into, not even so much as a chair or stool or form, for him to sit down on — and although, when I could no longer stand, I sat down and waited another half hour, on the only sitting-place within my

reach, the first step of the marble staircase leading up to His Excellency's apartments, and although, chilly and shivering in the cold October draught of the *porte-cochère*, I found it necessary, every now and then, to run out to the street and take a turn in the "Englische Garten" to bring back life to my benumbed feet and hands, and although it was not until I came back after the third of those turns that the porter at last informed me that Mr. Bonar, the secretary, had gone out early that morning a buck-hunting and was not to be back till night, and had taken the key of the office with him, I never even so much as once lost my equanimity, never even so much as once in my secret soul reproached either the secretary or the ambassador or the attaché, nay, not even the porter himself, who might at least have told me the truth at my first visit and so allowed me to spend my day in some less wholly useless and unprofitable manner, besides saving me the coryza which renders it so difficult for me today either to read the newspaper or to write this letter. On the contrary I did, with an honest and simple heart, with respect to Mr. Bonar the secretary, and Mr. Manley the attaché, and Mr. *** the porter, what I wish and recommend the editor of the Morning Herald, no less than the editor of the Allgemeine Zeitung, to do with respect to Mr. Alcock and Mr. Oliphant, and their attachés, assistants, and porters — I took into consideration the arduous duties to be performed, and the immense distance of all superior, overhauling authority, and was wondering, not why Mr. Bonar was absent the whole day buck-hunting, with the key of the office in his pocket, or why I could not even so much as learn whether or not the attaché, Mr. Manley, was also buck-hunting, or perhaps only coursing and might be back in an hour or two, and by some happy chance have a second key of the office, or why the porter had told me a different lie every half hour for four consecutive half hours, and only at the end of the fifth half hour told me the simple truth, but, on the contrary, was wondering how it happened that either secretary or attaché ever came to the office at all, or the porter, even at the end of the fifth half hour, felt himself conscience-moved to tell the simple truth, when, behold! His Excellency, Sir John Ralph Milbanke himself, in plain blue frock, gray military pantaloons, and shining cylindrical hat came down stairs, escorting a lady, the turgescient

amplitude of whose crinoline allowed him, for his own use, barely one fourth of the breadth of his own staircase. Awe-struck I drew back and stood still, and doffed my *petasus*; which compliment His Excellency observing, or forbid by the barking of the lady's lapdog, to ignore my presence, was so condescending as to touch his hat and direct an inquiring eye towards the porter, as much as to say: "what is the gentleman's business here?" which having learned, he advanced three steps towards me, and said how extremely sorry he was that it had so happened, but it was out of his power to help me; that he was quite willing and ready to visé my passport himself, but was afraid his visa would be of little use without the office stamp affixed to it: unfortunately the secretary was out and not expected home till late, and had the key of the office in his pocket; he had sent everywhere for the attaché, but neither was the attaché to be found; nobody knew where he was, or when he would return: under the circumstances it was impossible for him to help me, and he hoped a day's delay in Munich, where there was so much to be seen, would be no serious inconvenience to me, and if I were so good as to come back any time after six o'clock, I would be sure to find the passport ready and waiting for me with the porter, or he would send it to me, to my hotel, any where in the city: such accidents, notwithstanding the care taken to prevent them, were every now and then occurring; it was very fine weather, he wished me a pleasant journey, and hoped the next time I came to Munich, I would have less trouble about that necessary travelling vexation, my passport. That my heart is naturally inclined to softness I need not tell you, Mr. Editor: you will yourself have observed it, before you have reached this part of my story; but it must have been hard and stony indeed, to have resisted so much condescension. I thanked His Excellency over and over again, begged him not to speak of trouble or annoyance on my part, and assured him of my perfect conviction that it was impossible the important duties of the legation could be better discharged, or the interests of her Majesty's travelling subjects more carefully or effectually attended to; and it was not until long after His Excellency and the lady he was escorting, had disappeared up the Ludwigstrasse, and I had already made half the circuit of the "Englische Garten," striving to bring back life to my benumbed toes and fingers,

that I began to reflect that, at six o'clock in the evening, the *Kanzlei* of the Austrian Embassy would have been already four hours closed, and that Mr. Bonar's buck-hunting had cost me a delay not merely of one, but of two days, on my rather pressing journey to Italy. At six o'clock, punctual for the sixth time that day in the *porte-cochère* of the legation, I received my passport, viséed neither by the ambassador nor secretary, but by the secretary's secretary, Mr. H. Manley, "Attaché à la Legation". Good-humoured was the smile of the porter, and good-natured his tap on my shoulder, as he placed the important document in my hand, and wished me joy that all difficulties were at last overcome and the business brought to a happy conclusion. "Happy," said I, "and I shall have lost only one day and a half, and may set out tomorrow afternoon, provided the Austrian minister's secretary is at his post tomorrow morning, and does not happen to be out buck-hunting." "Never fear," said he; "the hounds don't go out two days running, and even if they did, the Austrian *Kanzlei* is always open on business days at business hours. At one o'clock tomorrow you will be sure to find either the secretary himself there, or some one in his place; your affair will be despatched on the instant and you can leave town by the two o'clock train, or, if you wish to save the morning also, you have nothing to do but to go at once from this to the Austrian legation and leave the passport with the porter, commissioning him to have it viséed tomorrow as soon as the secretary comes to the office and send it to you by tomorrow-night's post to Tegernsee, or wherever else you like this side the frontier. You will thus be saved all further trouble, leave town as early as you please in the morning, and spend the day exploring the beauties of the Tegern Lake, and visiting the palace of his Royal Highness, or perhaps making an excursion to Bad Kreuth." I need hardly tell you the rest, Mr. Editor; I followed the fellow's advice, and, having spent yesterday lounging about the parterres of Prince Karl's palace — sometimes, for variety, turning into the chapel and studying the *temperas* daubed upon the wall, sometimes strolling along the water's edge and watching the leaping trout — here I sit this morning in Guggemos' *Gaststube*, awaiting the arrival of the Munich post with my passport, and, to while away the time, inditing this letter to you on behalf of the unfortunate Japan Em-

bassy, and, though it's I who say it, as like "Patience on a monument" as a man can well be, who, at every sound he hears in the street, starts up and runs to the door, to see "Is that the post?" And there it is, at last, Mr. Editor, and I must bid you a hasty adieu and be off to the post-office, where if I meet with a disappointment and the post has arrived without bringing me my passport, you may rely upon it you have not done with me yet, but shall hear from me within a few days again, and that, most probably, from Munich.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant

A BRITISH SUBJECT,

travelling on the continent with (although at this moment, owing to the circumstances just related, without) her Majesty's passport.

hasty, and, though it is like "Patience on a sudden," as a man can well be, who, at every sound his ears in the street, starts up and runs to the door, to see "is that the post?" And there it is, at last, Mr. Editor, and I must bid you a hasty adieu and be off to the post-office, where I must wait with my appointment and the post has arrived without bidding me my passport, you may rely upon it you have not done with me yet, but shall hear from me within a few days again, and that, most probably, from Munich.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

A BRITISH SUBJECT.

travelling on the continent with a passport at this moment owing to the circumstances just related, without Mr. May's passport.

DRESDEN,

C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

RELIGION,
WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS,
AND
PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURES ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

JOHN CRISTY, M. A.

BY THE REV. JAMES H. HARRIS, D. D.,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

A PRACTICAL

RELIGION,
WORDLY-MINDEDNESS
AND
PHILOSOPHY,

BEING

STRICTURES ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

JOHN CHEYNE M. D.,

AND

ON HIS ESSAYS ON PARTIAL DERANGEMENT OF THE MIND

IN SUPPOSED CONNEXION WITH RELIGION.

BY

A PHYSICIAN.

~~~~~  
1860.



The author hopes that it will be considered rather as a recommendation than a disparagement to this little book, that it makes its appearance so late as twenty-four years after the death of the person whose opinions and conduct it criticises, twenty-nine years after his retirement from the medical profession and departure from Ireland, and fourteen years after the author's own retirement from the same profession. TYPUM, NON VIRUM, INSEQUITUR; SINE IRA ET LIVORE, QUORUM CAUSSAS PROCUL HABET.



§ I.

I have this morning, November 9, 1859, devoted two hours to the perusal of the Autobiography of John Cheyne, M. D., formerly of the city of Dublin, and of his "Essays on partial derangement of the mind, in supposed connexion with religion." I knew Dr. Cheyne well, having had frequent occasion to meet him in consultation during nine years of the practice of my profession in Dublin, viz. from the year 1822, when I entered the profession, until 1831, the year in which he left Dublin. I can testify to the respect in which he was generally held as a physician, respect in which I participated so far as not only frequently to request that he might be consulted in cases in which I met with difficulty or apprehended danger, but even to procure his advice for, and attendance on, myself, when, in the year 1824, I lay in typhus fever, caught in the discharge of my own professional duties. If I could now, at sixty years of age, entertain a doubt that the great respect in which Dr. Cheyne was held, not only by myself, at five and twenty, but by the whole medical profession of Dublin and the Dublin public at large, was in no degree owing to any superiority of his, as a physician, over other Dublin physicians of similar standing, but wholly to the superior art with which he dealt with his patients as men, and the superior skill with which he conciliated the good will, first of his brother physicians, and then, at their expense, of the surgeons and apothecaries of Dublin and of the Dublin public, that doubt would be removed by the account which he has given of himself in his Autobiography. Dr. Cheyne never did any thing to hurt or offend; never spoke an unnecessary word; never paid a manifestly unnecessary visit; never



let his patient see his difficulty or embarrassment; never went away saying that his patient had no need of medicine, but always — even when he knew medicine could have no other than a moral effect — ordered his placebo, thus pleasing, at once, both the attendant apothecary and the patient and the patient's friends, and saving his own reputation, in case the disease should be of a more serious nature than he himself apprehended. It was in this manner he treated myself during my fever, in 1824, daily prescribing the routine draught and powder which his medical skill informed him could do no harm, and daily awaiting the spontaneous arrival of that denouement which I and my family, in our ignorance and simplicity, believed him to be actively employed in bringing about.

No man ever pursued worldly gain and worldly ambition more intently, with more undivided, unabating zeal and ardor than Dr. Cheyne. His own account of himself to this effect, in his Autobiography, is in every respect confirmed, not only by my observation of him, but by the testimony of all his professional brethren. He was, moreover, according to the same observation and the same testimony, a sincere and thoroughly convinced and awakened Christian; one who had embraced the cross of Christ — who placed all his hopes of happiness, in heaven; one who considered this world and all that it contains, as mere dross, unsubstantial shadow; in his own words, "tinnit, inane est" (Autob. p. 38). At one and the same time a worldling and a Christian, equally greedy of the treasure which perishes and of the treasure which perishes not, Dr. Cheyne exemplified the compatibility of two characters which are as generally assumed to be incompatible as they are proved by all experience to be compatible; for, were there any, I will not say incompatibility, but even so much as incongeniality, between worldliness and true religion, how had it been possible that Christianity should have overspread, in so incredibly short a space of time, so large a portion of the globe? that it should have amalgamated itself so happily, so successfully, so completely, with every trade, occupation and profession under the sun; rooting out, indeed, and extirpating, every other form of religion, but in no manner whatever interfering with, or thwarting, any one of the innumerable trades, operations and pursuits of men, on the contrary, thriving and growing simultaneously with them, nay, imparting to them all, more or less of its own vivifying, sanctifying spirit? The plough, the loom and the anvil are not only as busy



today as they were in those times of heathen superstition when Man had nothing to look to beyond the narrow limits of this world, had heard no word, as yet, of his heavenly inheritance, but a hundred times busier. Bogs and wastes and swamps are being drained, mountains cultivated to their very summits and tunneled through, steam-engines travel the desert and the ocean, time and space are, as we are wont to say, annihilated, in order to render as rapid, as instantaneous as possible, the pursuit and acquisition of gain, and, hand in hand with the pursuit and acquisition of gain, the spread of true Christianity. We have as numerous and well skilled and assiduous and indefatigable artisans and manufacturers and farmers and merchants and bankers and bill-brokers and pawnbrokers and contractors and engineers and lawyers and attorneys and judges and commissioners and doctors and magistrates and police and soldiers and sailors, and popular assemblies and legislative assemblies, and kings and queens and emperors, as any ancient Rome or ancient Carthage ever had; we have as fine houses and parks and gardens, as costly furniture, as soft beds, as splendid garments, as delicious wines and viands, as massy gold and silver plate, as brilliant jewels, as grand exhibitions, as richly stored museums, as deep mines, as impregnable fortresses, as sharp swords and pikes and cutlasses, and we have, besides — especially Christian, and what no ancient Rome or Carthage could ever boast of — gunpowder and balls and percussion-caps and muskets and rifles and artillery and exploding shells and Congreve rockets, and daily new inventions and improvements in destructive weapons of every kind, to extend our conquests and multiply our annexations, and make our commerce commensurate with the world. Nay, so compliant, so accommodating is true and genuine Christianity, that we can vie with any pagan people that ever existed, in the number of our drunkards, prostitutes, adulterers, adulteresses, gamblers, thieves, pickpockets, shop-lifters, rogues, sharpers, impostors and swindlers of every imaginable form and kind; and although there may perhaps have been as many burglars, incendiaries, poisoners, and garotters, under the government of an Augustus, as under that of a Victoria or Louis Napoleon, no one has ever dared to aver that those ancient malefactors died as meek, as repentant, as happy, as surely certified of a glorious immortality, as ours. And if any man were so rash as to rise up today in an assembly of Christians, and express an opinion that pagans had killed pagans in the battle of Cannae with more real gusto and love of



blood than Christians killed Christians in the battle of Solferino, or at the siege of Sebastopol, it would be well for him if he were only looked upon as a madman, and did not meet exemplary punishment, on the spot, as a maligner of Christians and Christianity. But what do I say of an assembly of Christians? Christians are prejudiced witnesses. Ask the impartial foreigner and stranger what he thinks of us, ask tribes and nations separated from us by the ocean and the desert, beyond the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, beyond the Atlas and the Altai. Ask the subjugated Hindoo, the extirpated Red Indian, the kidnapped Negro, what we have given them in exchange, ask the trembling Chinese and Berber what we propose to give them in exchange, for their lives and liberties, their lands and possessions, their forests and prairies, their cities and ports and seas and lakes and rivers, their mines of gold and silver, their rice and cotton and ivory and tobacco and sugar and tea and coffee and spices — is there one of them all who does not answer: glass beads and brass buttons by the thousand, ardent spirits by the puncheon, and bibles and salvation *ad infinitum*? Even my own personal experience, limited as it is, goes point-blank to contradict the opinion, that it is impossible for the same man to be, at the same time, godly-minded and worldly-minded, to excel, alike, as a Christian and as a man of business. In every contention which I have had in the course of my life, whether it was for office, or for honor, or for emolument, my most formidable, most dangerous rival was always a true Christian. In every dealing in which I have gone to the wall, in which I have had the worst of the bargain, whether it was in the matter of a horse, or a house, or a piece of land, whether it was about a seat at the opera, or a seat in a railway-carriage, the person with whom I have had to deal was always a true Christian. Those of the friends of my youth, my schoolfellows and college acquaintances, who have risen far above me in the world, who have known how to secure the good things of life for themselves — professorships, fellowships, commissionerships, judgeships, chancellorships, attorney- and solicitor-general-ships, benefices, prebends, bishoprics, secretaryships of legation, and so forth — have always been true Christians. And where 's the wonder? Why should not individual Christianity be rewarded, where Christianity is rewarded in the aggregate? or how would it be possible for the richest, busiest, and mightiest nation in the world, to be, as it is, the most truly Christian, if it were impossible for its individual members to be, at the



same time, worldly and godly, to excel in things temporal, no less than in things spiritual, to make sure of the bird in the bush and yet, at the same time, not let go the bird in the hand? In a word, if there is any one thing, of which, more than of any thing else, modern civilization has a right to be proud, any thing which pre-eminently elevates the times in which we are so happy as to live, above those ancient times of rude and ignorant simplicity when the Christian and the worldling were two distinct persons, when it was impossible for one person to serve two masters, when it was necessary for each individual to choose whom he would serve — God or Mammon — it is the complete success which has attended our efforts so to unite and blend, and thoroughly fuse and incorporate into each other, the spiritual and the carnal, the eternal and the temporal, that, disembarrassed of a painful, heart-rending choice, we may be able to pursue, with all our concentrated energies, not, the poor alternative, God or Mammon, but the one, sole, glorious, undivided object, God in Mammon, or, as it may with greater propriety be called, Mammon in God. This is what Dr. Cheyne did, and did so successfully. The manner in which he did it, appears from a comparison of his Essays with his Autobiography (*passim*), and with the inscription engraved by his direction on his tombstone (*Suppl. to Autob. p. 39*). On the one hand, penetrated by that infinite Love which submitted to the shame of the cross in order to save the souls of sinners and turn them from the fleeting vanities of this world to the contemplation of things spiritual and eternal, he gave his whole heart and soul to Christ, and, on the other hand, devoted his entire time, from early morning until late at night, to the untiring pursuit of the objects of worldly ambition. So eager, so uninterrupted, was Dr. Cheyne's pursuit of worldly objects, that, as he himself informs us (*Autob. p. 28*), the constant state of over-excitement of his mind produced a sort of chronic nervous fever: "I became so weak that I was not able to dress in the morning till I had had coffee, and when I returned from a day of toil at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, I was obliged to go to bed to obtain rest, before I was able to dine." Nor were these the exertions of a man compelled by urgent necessity, of a man labouring at an ill-requited employment to keep the wolf from the door; they were the exertions of his Majesty's Physician-General, of a physician whose fees for the last ten years had averaged about 5000 *l.* per annum; they were the exertions of a medical man, first, to bring his income up to



that amount, and, secondly, to keep it at that amount, or increase it; first, to place himself at the head of the entire medical body of Ireland, and then to keep himself there. The object of his life, he informs us at p. 8 of his Autobiography, was "distinction." At p. 19, he tells us that being, in 1820, in receipt, by fees, of an income of 5000 *l.* a year, and holding the honorable post of Physician-General, he felt he had "fully attained the object of his ambition," and then goes on to say how he continued to use the same exertions and to employ the same arts which had been so successful in elevating him to this position, for the purpose of maintaining him in it; how he continued his almost superhuman exertions until, at last, his health broke down, he lost his sleep and strength, became nervous and irritable, and had to desist and retire, although he was "convinced that, had his health permitted, he could have added" (of course by still greater exertions) "1500 *l.* a year, to his income" (Autob. p. 19).

Let no reader of Dr. Cheyne's Autobiography fall into the mistake that it is to be regarded in the light of a confession, a warning to young men against worldly cunning, a solemn adjuration to them, from one who has had actual experience of the vanity of ambition, not to pursue mere worldly advancement and purely temporal objects with such over-exertion of energy that health and strength prematurely fail and wear out, and they drop into the grave spent and exhausted, while nearly one third, and that the most delightful, the most rational, the most reflective, the most desirable third, of the life intended for them by Nature remains unentered upon, that third in which, if their pursuit of worldly ambition in the former two thirds had been less hot and unintermitting, they might have enjoyed, in the midst of a happy family, the fruits of exertions, in the previous two thirds, so regulated as not to be incompatible either with life or health, or the due discharge of domestic and family duties, those primary, all-important, and, at the same time, tender and delightful duties, for the habitual neglect of which, every ambitious Cheyne of whatever profession, whether medical, clerical, legal, or political, whether his ambition be bounded by the limits of the world or overleap those limits and expatiate beyond, is so sure to be scourged by a just Nemesis, the scorpions of her lash being what Nature intended for his lilies and roses, and crown of rejoicing — his own children. No, no! there is nothing of all this in Dr. Cheyne's Autobiography; not one word either of confession or warning, not one redeeming



touch either of Augustine or Rousseau. He tells us indeed that worldly distinction was the aim and object of his life, and enumerates and describes the arts, to the practice of which he owed his success, but it is in the way of precept and example he does so, not in that of confession and warning. No suspicion has ever crossed his mind that there is anything either mistaken in his object, or unworthy in his means. Assuming that it is every physician's legitimate, as it was his own grand aim and object, to rise to the top of his profession, and perfectly aware that for the attainment of such aim and object *something more* is necessary than the able and faithful and conscientious discharge of his duties towards his patients, Dr. Cheyne writes his biography in order to explain to the medical catechumen what that *something more* is, and, in so doing, awkwardly rends the veil and lets profane eyes see into the inmost laboratory of diplomaed charlatanism.

The physician, Dr. Cheyne tells us (Autob. p. 21), is, in the first instance, to be punctual in keeping the appointments he has made for consultation, not because such punctuality may be of vital importance to his patient and certainly will be grateful to his patient's feelings, but because "punctuality is considered by junior and subordinate members of the profession, as manifesting respect for their feelings and occupations; it is felt to be a compliment" — in other words, renders him more likely to be called in, on future occasions, by his juniors and subordinates, subordinates meaning apothecaries, by whom, in the city of Dublin, the calling in of the physician is regarded and exercised almost as a vested right. Nor is this merely the gloss of an ill-natured critic; it is Dr. Cheyne's own interpretation of his own words, for he immediately subjoins: "When a case of disease was assuming an unfavorable aspect, and when the question was mooted — 'to whom shall we apply for further help?' it has, in a multitude of instances, been decided in my favor solely by the consideration that I would appoint the earliest hour for a meeting, and that I might be expected to appear within five minutes of the appointed time." Junior physicians, engrave these words indelibly on your minds! contemporaries of Dr. Cheyne, if there are any remaining in Dublin, burn Dr. Cheyne's book!

Again, the physician is never to accede to the request of a patient, who begs him to recommend a surgeon, accoucheur, or apothecary to attend in his family. It is not explained why the physician,



who is obviously the person most capable of advising his patient in this important choice, should yet decline to do so; but it may be presumed the reason is twofold, first, that he may avoid responsibility, and, secondly, that he may not incur odium, may not raise up enemies to himself amongst those, on whose good will his rise in the profession mainly depends. The contrivance by which the physician, thus asked his advice, is to withhold it, without offending the patient, is characteristic: He is to "mention the names of three or four men of established character, and advise his patient to discuss their merits with his friends, and decide at his leisure" (Autob. p. 22). Observe, it is "men of established character," not men known to the recommender to be the most suitable and best qualified. The patient is not to get the benefit of his physician's knowledge of the real merits of the accoucheurs, surgeons, and apothecaries — any three or four of established character are to be recommended, and the physician will have discharged his duty to the satisfaction of his not too sensitive conscience. No wonder it is hard for merit to make its way, when it is not safe to recommend it until it has already obtained character, and when, on the other hand, it is safe, nay, even the part of prudence, to recommend character, without any consideration at all of merit.

Again, when the disease of the patient is prolonged by depression of mind, and despair of recovery, the physician following Dr. Cheyne's advice and example, is to direct his endeavours to the obtaining of "dominion" over the patient's mind. If he neglects to do so, the patient either "refuses all further aid, or seeks help from some other quarter, or, very generally, if affluent, goes to London, to consult the Radcliffe or the Mead of his day" (Autob. p. 25). Such most undesirable consummation is best to be averted by assuming the Mead or Radcliffe (which no one knew better how to do than Dr. Cheyne): "The most obvious directions will then appear like words of inspiration; the merest placebo that ever was stuck upon an apothecary's file is a panacea, or is combined with consummate skill, and restores health and enjoyment of life" (Autob. p. 26). Dr. Cheyne has "witnessed many of these *Hohenlohe cases*, as they are called in Ireland"; nay, has been a performer in not a few: "In Dublin many a patient under my care has been restored to health by the same means which have signally failed in the country" (Autob. p. 26), i. e. the prestige of Dr. Cheyne's name, his awful deportment, his mysterious reserve, have rendered the medicine effectual, which, in the hands of the less



astute country-practitioner, had totally failed. Is it not easy to see that in both cases the medicine was equally inefficient, and that, in the latter case at least, it was a mere sham, cheat, and humbug?

Again, if you would long hold your place as a consulting physician, you must let no living soul know who are your patients, or in what state your patients are — dying or dead, recovering or hopeless; when you leave home in the morning, no one must know whither you are going; when you return home in the evening, no one must know whence you are coming: not because it is improper for a physician to betray his trust, and publish to the world what may be injurious, or even so much as disagreeable, to his patient, or to his patient's family, but because profound secrecy in all his doings, is necessary to the physician, and especially to the consulting physician, who would long enjoy the reputation of being a successful practitioner; for who so mad as to apply for help to a physician, of whom it is known, for example, that "seven of his patients, in families in easy circumstances, died of fever within a week" (Autob. p. 27)? But although seven of Dr. Cheyne's patients, in families in easy circumstances, died of fever within a week, his reputation was no jot affected, and fees rolled in, in as full a tide as ever, for "the families belonged to different classes of society, which had no knowledge of each other," and Dr. Cheyne himself was as silent as, ay, more silent than, the graves in which his dead were laid: "Had the fact been known, it would probably have given a shock to my reputation from which it might not easily have recovered" (Autob. p. 27).

One of the principal difficulties in the way of a physician, is the necessity of his giving advice in the case of illness in the family of a brother physician. The physician who is the head of the family, has perhaps been obliged to call you in, very much against his own inclination, and, if you do not play your cards well, you will infallibly give him offence, and lose a friend in the profession, and it is by means of friends in the profession your rise is to be effected. It would be well, if such attendances could be avoided; but they cannot, and besides they may be "highly useful." Dr. Cheyne succeeded in rendering them so, at least in preventing them from being "materially injurious," by observing, during such attendances, more than even his usual degree of caution, reserve, and silence. He never even so much as drove to the door in his carriage, but always left his carriage in a neighbouring street, and walked the rest of the



distance. He never entered into any explanations with any member of the family except the physician himself, lest some word might inadvertently escape which would be unpalatable to the physician, and so alienate that medical friendship which was of such vital consequence to a man desirous to rise, and, when risen, to hold his place, in the profession. The anxious patient, the despairing wife, mother, son, or daughter, of the patient, was referred, for answers to their questions, to the physician who was the head of the family; with him, and him alone, would Dr. Cheyne communicate; through him alone were the consulting physician's opinions to be made known — of course, that they might receive from him such color as might be necessary. For a similar reason, the writing of the prescription was also to be done at second hand, not by the actual prescriber, the consulting physician, but by him who was of the family, and from whose judgment the calling in of a second physician had been an appeal.

Dr. Cheyne has not thought it necessary to add, that, indispensable as are all these cunning arts to the rise of a physician to the top of his profession, they will be all unavailing, unless he is clothed from head to foot, in the garb of true religion — evangelism, methodism, high-churchism, presbyterianism, catholicism, quakerism, mormonism, or whatever happens to be the fashion of the day, in the city in which the rise to eminence is to be effected, or, at least, among the clique who are to work the lever. Dr. Cheyne seems to have thought, and I entirely agree with him in thinking, that any hint to this effect would have been a mere work of supererogation.

By the strict observance, of these and some similar rules of conduct, in his dealing with surgeons, accoucheurs, apothecaries, brother physicians, and the public in general, the neophyte physician may, even with all the disadvantage of an education as defective as Dr. Cheyne's, arrive at that, which, it is taken for granted, is the physician's great object, pre-eminence in his profession and an ample income by fees; and if ill health and a constitution broken down by too strenuous exertions and too intense worldly anxiety, should compel his early and unwilling retirement, he may carry with him not merely a testimonial from his brother physicians, lamenting the withdrawal of "one who, whilst occupying for many years the very first rank in his profession, equally maintained its respectability and protected" (Qu. against what enemy?) "our interests" (Autob. p. 30), but a testimonial signed by the whole



body of apothecaries, certifying that "amongst those who, within our recollection, have occupied the prominent station of head of the Profession of Medicine in this metropolis, not one has ever ranked higher in acquirements, in professional integrity, or in those qualifications which constitute the gentleman" (Autob. p. 31); and if he has at the same time known how, as Dr. Cheyne so well knew how, to unite the utile and the dulce, has been as active a runner in the Christian race as in the secular, may write from his sick bed to a Christian friend and clergyman, that "he has accepted the invitation of the Redeemer, that his conscience testifies that he earnestly desires to have his will in all things conformed to the will of God, that he has peace, that he has the promised rest — promised by Him in whom was found no guile in His mouth" (Suppl. to Autob. p. 37); and he may even be so happy as to have his letter carried about ever afterwards by the same Christian clergyman on his person, as a proof of "the estimation in which he held such a record of a dying Christian's hope" (Suppl. to Autob. p. 37); nay, his death may have been premature, brought about, according to his own testimony, by excessive exertions in the pursuit of worldly objects, and yet he may cause the following inscription to be engraved upon a column to be erected over his grave:

READER! THE NAME, PROFESSION, AND AGE OF HIM WHOSE BODY LIES BENEATH, ARE OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE; BUT IT MAY BE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO YOU TO KNOW, THAT, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, HE WAS BROUGHT TO LOOK TO THE LORD JESUS, AS THE ONLY SAVIOUR OF SINNERS, AND THAT THIS 'LOOKING UNTO JESUS' GAVE PEACE TO HIS SOUL.

READER! PRAY TO GOD THAT YOU MAY BE INSTRUCTED IN THE GOSPEL, AND BE ASSURED THAT GOD WILL GIVE HIS HOLY SPIRIT, THE ONLY TEACHER OF TRUE WISDOM, TO THEM THAT ASK HIM.

Enough, and more than enough, of the life and death of a physician, who, "without much literary or general scientific information" (Autob. p. 1), managed not only to attain public "confidence and consideration," but the very highest professional rank, honor, and appointments. Enough, and more than enough, of the "Useful Hints" which a sincere, earnest, pious, undoubting and undoubted Christian addresses from his sick retirement, from the very brink of the grave, to his younger Christian brother desirous of arriving, notwithstanding similar lack of literary and scientific information, at similar public consideration and similar professional rank and emolument.



## § II.

Dr. Cheyne's Autobiography and its Supplement have made us acquainted with him in the double capacity of Christian and worldling. His 'Essays on partial derangement of the mind in supposed connexion with religion', make us acquainted with him in another double capacity, viz. that of Christian and philosopher. The union of these two latter characters is the crowning glory of that modern civilization whose first laurels were won, as we have already seen, in its union of the two former. For modern civilization was reserved the solution of that problem which the philosophic priests of ancient superstitions had so long tried in vain to solve, or had solved by the absurdity of placing fate above providence, nature above God: "Jovem fata regunt." Modern civilization, successful beyond all expectation or belief, in her mediation between the two ancient, hereditary foes, has brought them to kiss and be friends, to stand side by side, one arm of each about the other's waist. Every one *knows* now, more surely than any ancient Epicurean ever knew, that the laws of nature are uniform, invariable and universal; and every one *believes* now, more firmly than any ancient Platonist ever believed, that the laws of nature are perpetually interfered with, and over-ruled by, an arbitrary Providence. While there is not one among us so ignorant as not to know that the wreck of the Royal Charter was the necessary consequence of the combined operation of certain circumstances, of the force of winds and waves, direction and height of tides, lie of shore, build of vessel, captain's orders, etc., there is not one among us so irreligious as not to proclaim with a loud voice that the escape of the



few individuals saved on that occasion, was owing, not to the mere diversity of the circumstances in which they were placed, from the circumstances in which their companions, who perished, were placed, but to the interposition, in their favor, of a superior Being, who prevented the same circumstances from operating on them and their companions in the same manner. And so Dr. Cheyne *knows* perfectly well, as a philosopher and physician, that health and disease, whether mental or bodily, are the necessary results of preceding causes operating according to fixed, universal laws; and, at the same time, firmly *believes*, as a true Christian, that health and disease depend upon an arbitrary, inscrutable will, which, having first established those laws, is perpetually occupied in suspending, thwarting, modifying, altering them, according to pleasure — on the one hand, administers medicines and uses measures, which he knows can by no possibility produce other effects than those determined by their own nature and the nature of the disease and constitution to which they are applied, and, on the other hand, prays to God to be pleased to determine the effects of those medicines and measures, and not merely to determine them, but, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, to determine them according to the views of a confessedly short-sighted, ignorant, and sinful creature.

It must however in candor be admitted that Dr. Cheyne shows a laudable anxiety to prevent, as far as practicable, all unnecessary collision between providence and necessity, prayer and fixed laws: "No event in life ought to become a subject of prayer until it has received the sanction not only of the conscience, but of the understanding also. When a matter is doubtful, we may pray to have our understandings enlightened; but when it bears the stamp of imprudence, we are not to pray for leadings or openings of Providence to show that we ought to set about it. As Mr. Scott has observed, 'When any undertaking is inexpedient, or inadvisable in the opinion of competent judges, and yet the inclination leans that way, in this case that which men call the opening of Providence is generally no more than a temptation of Satan'. We are not to expect that the providence of God will favor any plan which is formed in opposition to all prudent calculation, and to the verdict of those faculties which are given for the direction of our conduct" (Essays, p. 138). Here we have the harmonious union of philosophy and true religion. These are not days in which we are to expect to see the sun stand



still upon Gibeon, or the walls of Jericho fall down at the sound of rams' horns. We are to expect, and pray for, those things only which our understandings inform us are reasonable and therefore likely to happen. Out of this harmonious union of faith and reason, what strength might we not expect to accrue to the believer, what discomfiture and dismay to the sceptic! — Alas! the proverb deceives us. In this case, union produces, not strength but weakness. For, if we pray only for that to happen which is likely to happen of itself, how shall we ever know that our prayers have been heard, that the event is really a special interposition of Providence, not a mere natural phenomenon? If, for instance, obeying the command of our most gracious queen, we pray for rain, after a long drought and when the barometer is already beginning to fall — a case in which the event prayed-for is so desirable and so likely to happen of itself, that neither Dr. Cheyne nor Mr. Scott could entertain the slightest doubt of the propriety and expediency of the prayer — who shall certify us that the much needed moisture, when it does arrive, is the special gift of a merciful, interposing Providence, and not the mere mechanical result of ordinary atmospherical combinations? Again, if an eminent saint, whose prayers have, on former occasions, had brilliant success at the throne of Grace, prays for the restoration to health of Mary Stuart, of the convent of St. Joseph at Ranelagh, and if, within three days, Mary Stuart's health is suddenly restored, there may be such doubt as to the real cause of the restoration, that the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin shall actually offer up public thanks to God for the "new and wonderful manifestation of his goodness," while in the opinion of his Majesty's Physician-General in Ireland, that Physician-General being Dr. Cheyne himself, Mary Stuart's restoration to health is the result of natural causes, or, if not the result of natural causes, is a miracle wasted and thrown away; for Mary Stuart, "under the care of a confident professor of the healing art, skilful in acting on the weaker parts of the mind" (see Dr. Cheyne's special instructions in the use of this art, *Autob.* pages 25 and 26), "might have been restored to health without a miracle" (*Essays*, p. 197).

Let this one instance, out of a thousand, suffice to show, that attempts to bring faith and reason, Christianity and philosophy, into too intimate and harmonious union, may, instead of producing the desired strength, produce, on the contrary, unexpected weakness, nay, what is of all things most to be deprecated, actual collision;



and let a hearing ear be turned to the well meant hint, that, in order not to bring both faith and reason into disrepute, it might be well, in this difficult matter of prayer, for Christians and philosophers to come to a compromise or understanding with each other, and divide the game fairly and equally between them, the Christian taking freely for the objects of his prayer, the inestimable treasures of invisible, internal, spiritual grace, but eschewing all interference with the regular course of the visible and tangible, and the philosopher expatiating in the vast field of nature, but never more to set his profane foot within the hallowed precincts of the supernatural. If however, as is most probable, such amicable compromise is not by any means to be brought about, better at once to declare war *à outrance* than continue those peddling, Interim make-shifts which have proved so damaging to both interests. Let the priest offer up prayers, not merely for some natural phenomena but for all, not merely for rain after a long drought, but for sunrise and sunset; let him return to his vaticinations of the coming eclipse, and once more drum and jingle away the malignant, darkening demon from the moon; and let the philosopher, no longer content with the information which has been so obligingly afforded him of the precise time when the universe was made, how long it was a-making, and who made it, insist upon being informed of the precise spot where it was made, the purpose for which it was made, and who was its maker's maker, and, with that irreverent audacity which seems to be part of his very nature, ascribe calls, conversions, manifestations, out-pourings and strikings-down, to the operation of those causes which have produced similar effects in all ages and countries and under all forms and phases of religion, and amuse his leisure with a calculation of the exact value per foot, at present, in Bank of England notes, gold nuggets, glebe-houses, perpetual rent-charges, and bishops' lands and palaces, of a fee-farm grant of building-ground in the most eligible part of the blue sky, with covenant, to be put into possession after death and burial and when flames have swallowed up the entire world.

Nay, amiable reader, don't turn pale. I have been but joking with you. Such state of things is never to return. Faith and Philosophy, Religion and Reason, have shaken hands and sworn eternal friendship, and live, and long may they continue to live, peaceably together — not, of course, without a peevish snarl now and then, an occasional scowl, or pinch, or cuff, but, on the whole, in peace and



charity, each helping and furthering the main interests of the other. Have we not chemists who invoke the blessing of God upon their decomposing mixtures? Are not the deliberations of our parliament, the wisest and most rational assembly the world ever saw, opened with solemn prayer (thinly attended, indeed, but not on that account the less, perhaps even on that very account the more, solemn)? and does not his Majesty's Physician-General, Dr. Cheyne, *know*, as a rational man and a philosopher, that "the vision described by Colonel Gardiner was an illusion," and *believe*, as a religious man and a Christian, that Colonel Gardiner's conversion to God, effected by means of that illusion, was "genuine, could not have been owing to any agency but that of the Holy Spirit" (Essays, p. 74)? Does he not know, as a rational man and philosopher, and physician to a great Lunatic Asylum, that there never was "a case of disordered mind, even when attended with the most subtle malignity, which could not be more easily explained upon natural principles than by the hypothesis of demonism" (Essays, p. 68)? and does he not, at the same time, believe, in common with every true Christian, that an exception must be made, not perhaps for all those cases in which demons conversed with Christ, and Christ with demons, but for that one, at least, in which demons were actually transferred, and made over, from men to pigs? Fear not then, reader, either for your religion or your philosophy. They are both safe, safe in each other's assistance and good keeping. What was to harm either except the other? That neither will, or can, harm the other, the signs of the times assure us, and this book of Dr. Cheyne's is our especial pledge. Had but this book appeared a little sooner, what deplorable spectacles might not the world have been saved! Ignatius Loyola need not have hunted the Devil out through the wall of his chamber, and so brought upon himself the inconvenience, for so many a long day after, of a breach smelling of sulphur; nor need Luther, in a burst of pious passion, have flung at the same crafty and malignant, but it must be owned rather cowardly spirit, the substantial inkbottle out of which he denounced the Pope, translated the Bible, and reformed as much of mankind as was reformable. It had been unnecessary either for the chivalrous saint or the uxorious monk, "to yield to the delusions practised upon the mind by sense." Both might have been delivered from their imagined temptations by "mild purgatives, alkaline bitters and country air; the choler have



been cured, and the choleric operations of the Devil frustrated" (Essays, p. 77). So, the physician to the Lunatic Asylum and Physician-General to his Majesty: but the true Christian knows that the method is not applicable to all cholers and all temptations; that there have been temptations not curable by these means; that there have been devils not so easily frightened or cast out; that there have been persons, of whose sanity it would be impiety to doubt, who yet "conceived themselves under the immediate influence of Satan," in the very presence of, and vis-à-vis to, the Tempter. When such cases occur nowadays, Physic and Philosophy are to retire, and Religion is to take her turn: "an appeal is to be made to Him who conquered Satan, and who will aid all who come to him in faith" (Essays, p. 76); "if the appeal fails, the sufferer may be assured that disease, and not the Devil, is the enemy he has to contend with," and he must seek relief, not from the great physician of the soul, but from an ordinary M. D. Thus has our union of Philosophy and Religion put the Devil between two fires, and the arch-enemy has lost whatever chance he had in old times, when Philosophy stood aloof and left Religion to fight her battle alone. If it is but a delusion of the sense, a mere make-believe devil, "a mild purgative, alkaline bitters and country air" will exorcise him; if it is Satan in propria persona, we have still our bell, book and candle. It is true it cannot be known before hand, which enemy we have to deal with, and which weapon is to be employed: "There are no rules for distinguishing between the workings of the human mind when influenced by bodily disease and when acted upon by Satan" (Essays, p. 68); but then, on the other hand, "the Christian knows quite enough of the nature and power of Satan to be continually on his guard against him, and he knows who is his protector" (Essays, p. 70). Knowing who is his protector, he may lie down and sleep in peace, never however for one moment forgetting that the protection is of such a kind that he must be "continually on his guard," that he must keep his powder dry, as a great strategist, whose reliance on the protecting providence of God was no less full and entire than Dr. Cheyne's, once warned his soldiers.

Are ye not ashamed then, ye traducers and vilifiers, ye false accusers who lay your coarse and reckless hands on Religion's holy form, and cast her into the felon's dock to stand her trial for bewitching the senses and making men mad? See! your own Philosophy is her counsel. Be silent, and listen to the defence.



I grant it, says Philosophy, that sudden news concerning one's worldly fortunes, concerning the unlooked-for death, or unlooked-for preservation from death, of a child or other dear relative, may be sufficient, in a previously weak or disordered frame, to unseat the reason and produce madness, but I will never admit that the authoritative announcement to a frame however weak and disordered, that it has itself been born, that its children, parents, relatives — every friend it has in the world has been born, that the whole human race has been born, under the wrath of the Almighty, and that that wrath will pursue it and them through all the countless ages of eternity, except on the fulfilment of one condition, can by any possibility produce a like effect. That is an *a fortiori* which I repudiate on two grounds: first, as proving too much; for if this announcement were capable of producing such effect at all, it should produce such effect generally, nay, universally; not merely on a few minds predisposed by congenital or acquired disease, but on all minds, even the healthiest and strongest; for where is the mind to look eternal damnation steadily in the face? the mind that would not reel and stagger, on the instant, even before the proposition was completely enunciated, before the preacher had come to expound and unfold the condition, the saving clause? Or if any mind were firm enough to hear out the entire announcement even to the condition, what was to become of that mind as soon as it fully comprehended that the condition was an impossible one, could never by any wit or ingenuity be fulfilled? for the condition is faith, and faith is only to be obtained by means of prayer, and no prayer is effectual unless made with faith. The condition therefore is not to be fulfilled and the curse stands good; unless, indeed, God in his mercy vouchsafe faith by special free gift, and then who can count on himself being — or on friend or child or parent of his, being — the favored individual? and if he should in fact be the happy, selected, excepted individual, how is he even so much as to know that he is, unless, along with the gift, he receive also the gift to be aware that he has received it? This argument *a fortiori* then is to be rejected as proving too much and therefore contrary to fact. Christians are not all lunatics, God be praised! nor is christendom made up entirely of William Cowpers and Lady Hester



Stanhopes. I know it will be said that the reason is, there is so little real Christianity in the world — that in fact there is scarcely such a thing in the world as a sincere Christian at all. Well! deplorable as is that mode of explaining the fact, I will even accept it in preference to the other; at least, it acquits my client, at least it is not *her* fault that there is so little true faith in the world; and bad as is a christendom made up of knaves and hypocrites, it is better, a thousand times, than one of mere madmen; we can get on in some way with the one, but it would be impossible to get on at all with the other. But this *a fortiori* argument is to be repudiated for another reason also: if true religion have a tendency to generate madness, why are not her priests and preachers, her apostles and missionaries, the first to be mad, and the maddest? They are the nearest the shrine, and, being nearest the shrine, should be, and in the old superstitions actually were, the first to lose their reason. Cassandra, the Pythian priestess, the Cumaean Sibyl were lunatics, and never pronounced their oracles so well, never so clearly foresaw the truth, never were so really and thoroughly inspired, as when the access was on them, the paroxysm at its height. If ye doubt the historical evidence of the fact, believe at least the philological: in the languages of those times *ενθουσιαζειν* and *μανεσθαι*, insanire and vaticinari, were synonymous terms. But who shall say this of the priests of the true religion, of our deacons and archdeacons, our vicars, rectors, bishops, cardinals, patriarchs, and popes? Where are there in the world more cool, calculating, prudent, wise men — men to whom madness, to whom even so much as eccentricity, is so little imputable — men who so love to go by the canon, the strict rule? love, do I say? nay, must, from the very nature of their institution, must, or incur the pains and penalties so justly attached to nonconformity: admonition, inhibition, deprivation, excommunication, chains and dungeons, up to the most recent period exquisite torture and ignominious death and — not yet abrogated or even mitigated — eternal damnation. And this reminds me of an admission I am bound in honor to make, I am bound to make in plain truth and sincerity, that there was a time — a time, which, God be praised for all his infinite mercy and goodness! never can return — when things were not so; when it might, with some appearance



of truth have been alleged that the teachers and preachers of true religion were not quite in their senses. I speak, of course, of that time when true religion was a novelty and innovation, not, as in these happy days of ours, installed in high places, and part and parcel of the law of the land; of that time when even the Miraculous Conception itself — that keystone of our faith, and foundation of all true religion — was impiously scoffed at, as a miracle incognisable by our senses — in plain terms, no miracle at all, a mere assumption of the fact to be proved, a palpable *petitio principii*. Absurd allegation! soon to be silenced and put to rest by the most brilliant series of miracles the world ever yet saw, all having, for their sole aim and object, the establishing, and placing beyond all doubt, that primary and incognisable one, never, from that day to this, questioned, but, on the contrary, in its turn illuminating and ennobling all the rest. That was the time when the charge of *non compos* might have been brought, as it was actually brought, against the teachers and preachers of true religion, when some dozen notoriously ignorant and uninstructed artisans, in a remote provincial town, took upon them to teach the learned, to control the elements, to reverse the immutable laws of Nature, nay, still more hopeless and desperate task, to bring universal mankind to kneel down, and worship one of their own body, a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter. It was then the term insane might with some shadow of justice and propriety have been applied to the teachers and promulgators of pure religion, not now when the marvellous undertaking is a *fait accompli*; when the revolution is, at least in all civilized countries, full and complete; when the ancient possessors, both spiritual and temporal, have been expelled, and their rich and valuable possessions have passed, and, it is to be hoped, for ever, into the right and proper hands; when the true priest, sacrificing in the temple to the true God, feels and knows that he has a friend, a protector, nay, an actual head of his order, on every throne in Europe — what do I say? — feels and knows that there is not one of his auditory, of those lambs whom he has with such disinterestedness, with such magnanimity, devoted his life to convince, and bring into the fold of Christ, who is not already a convinced Christian; would not shed the last drop of his blood in defence of those



very doctrines which he is required to receive, nay, who would not rise up and stone the man who would dare to preach any other. And thus I am naturally led to turn round to those who have so inconsiderately brought this preposterous charge against my client, and seriously beg of them to look to their own selves. Are they acting quite like rational, sober men? does it not savour of madness to attempt to stand up, poor, isolated individuals as they are, against so compact, so powerful, so irresistible, so overwhelming a combination — to set themselves up not only against the religion, but the law, of their country, of all civilized countries — not only against priests but against magistrates, judges, armies, navies, kings, queens, parliaments, entire populations *en masse*? If you are a trader, who will deal with you? if you are an attorney, a physician, a lawyer, who will give you a fee? what place, what promotion is open to you any where, at home or abroad, in the mother country or in the colonies? who will speak to you or associate with you, or even touch or come near you? who will believe you on your oath? where are you even so much as safe? whoever killeth you will think he doeth God service. There is only one place of safety for you, and that is in a storm at sea, for it is not the unbeliever but the priest whom the sailors throw over board, having some how or other got the notion into their heads, that the Devil is in the priest. But will ye go to sea in a storm, in order to be safe? Well for you, unhappy men, if your fellow citizens, content with looking upon you as mere lunatics, give you the fool's pardon, don't fine and imprison you, don't confiscate your goods, and banish you from among them! Consider well whether this is not more than ye are able to endure. There have indeed been persons who, for conscience sake, have endured as much and even more; Saint Paul, for instance, and Saint Peter, not to speak of Christ himself; but they had that sure reward which is not for you; of your own selves ye have renounced the reward, and — incredible! — court the punishment, that punishment which no tongue can describe, no pencil paint, no heart of Man conceive. Infatuated men! who count that, once dead, ye are safe, and recollect not, that the dead and the living are both alike in the power of God; that he who has made you once can make you again, and will assuredly



make you again for the express purpose of punishing you, your punishment beginning then when it is too late to serve the purpose either of reformation to yourselves or warning to others, and lasting thenceforward for ever. Reflect then ere it is too late; in the name of my much injured client I beseech you. See! it is not yet too late; she holds out the hand of forgiveness — amiable, kind-hearted creature! full of love and pity even for you! Clasp it, embrace her knees, and let your hearts overflow with gratitude and your lips with praise and thanksgiving.

So saying, and having reminded the court and all present that what she has said is to be taken as the argument of an advocate on behalf of a client, not as the expression of her own individual, private opinion, and having apologized for any indiscretion she may have been guilty of in the discharge of her bounden duty, Philosophy bows, gathers her papers into her bag and sits down, and Worldly-mindedness, junior Counsel, examines John Cheyne M. D., his Majesty's Physician-General, who, having been sworn on the Holy Gospels, deposes as follows: — "What connexion have the doctrines of Swedenborg, the influence of gloomy sectarians, abstruse doctrines of theology — perhaps touching the divine decrees — the enforcing of dubious tenets, abstract doctrinal points, nay, the pious exhortations of a seriously inclined, it may have been very ignorant neighbour — what connexion have all these things with belief in the Gospel — the good news — the glad tidings of salvation? the soberest, clearest, simplest, most cheering proposition which was ever placed before the mind of man — believe and thou shalt be saved; which requires no preparation but a spiritual appetite, and is more comprehensible by the illiterate than by the learned, ever looking for 'some great thing'. If we simply look to the incarnate God, who, after fulfilling all righteousness, died upon the cross that we might live, and if that doctrine which proclaims liberty to the captive, and pours balm into the wounded heart, should produce melancholy, which is the usual type of religious madness, it would be a phenomenon in the history of the human mind which would defy every attempt at explanation. We firmly believe that the Gospel, received simply, never, since it was first preached, produced a single case of insanity; the admission that it has such a tendency ought never to have been made to the enemies of the cross" (Essays, p. 143).



On hearing which evidence, so clear, so much to the point, so full of *vis consequentiae*, from the mouth too of a witness so manifestly ingenuous, unprejudiced and disinterested, the court declares it were mere waste of time to proceed further with so plain and palpable a case, and acquits the prisoner, who is forthwith discharged from custody and carried home, in triumph, on the shoulders of the hurraing multitude — And ye, blasphemers and revilers, hide your heads in holes and corners, or skulk about, despised and spat upon, dreaming vain dreams of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, of Hobbes and Hume and Spinoza and Kant and Bayle and Gibbon and Wollaston and Humboldt and Göthe, but not daring even so much as to mention the name of one of them in reputable society.

J. H.



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AN ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE DRUNKEN SEA:

BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, DUBLIN.

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sels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage every where, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers than those which are used by the poor. Besides the fares there are levied by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the imperial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the many inconveniences which attend sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE DRUNKEN SEA.

superstitions the poor out of their necessities. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessities for the tolls.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea from the beach of Soberland, where you take shipping, as far as Point Just-Enough. The clear and smooth water is scarcely so much as rippled by the light breeze which wafts from the shore the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

No mist ever broods upon the water, no cloud overcasts the soft blue sky. The glorious image of the sun by day, the silvery face of the moon by night, are no where seen to so much advantage as in the mirror of Pleasant Bay, for so this part of the Drunken Sea has been most appropriately named. The current being always towards Point Just-Enough, and the wind, if you can apply that name to the gentle breath which no more than fills your sails, always in the same direction, the passage is so smooth and easy that it not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himself close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of porter hogsheads, or wine pipes, or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing boats these vessels are, and how much they are strengthened and rendered more



sels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage every where, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers than those which are used by the poor. Besides the fares there are certain tolls payable by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the imperial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the expense which is thus necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessities. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessities for the rich man's voyage as well as their own.

The voyage to Point Just-Enough becomes more and more agreeable the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more soft and balmy, the blue of the sky and water still more delicious, and even the sombre objects of Soberland, now somewhat in the distance, seem to acquire a certain mellowness and splendour from the new medium through which they are seen. In the meantime a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; they experience an agreeable sensation of warmth, commencing at the pit of the stomach and gradually extending from thence over the whole body; their pulse beats quicker and stronger; their breath acquires an agreeable odour, not unlike that of the sea on which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; their cheeks flush a little; their hands are sensibly warmer to the touch; their looks and gestures become animated; they feel increased strength and courage and readiness for action;



their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will; they become less careful and anxious,

*Mordaces diffugiunt sollicitudines;*

less precise and particular; regard themselves with more complacency, their neighbours with more charity; gentlemen become less solicitous about the seat of their cravats; ladies, of their caps and collars: all become less serious; less disposed to deliberate; less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty; less scrupulous about right and wrong; less tight laced; not so very sober; more gay, good-humoured, frolicsome, frivolous; more inclined to singing, jesting, and light conversation; more voluble, energetic, eloquent; more ready to tell secrets, either of their own or their neighbours; more inclined to quarrel suddenly.

All voyagers to Point Just-Enough agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself; some say that it is further off, others that it is nearer; some that it lies more to the north, others more to the east; many assert that it recedes as you approach it, while some maintain that it moves forward, and comes to meet you before you have more than half crossed Pleasant Bay. These conflicting statements may, perhaps, be reconciled on the supposition, which seems far from unreasonable, that Point Just-Enough is situated in a floating island, which, shifting its position from time to time, is sometimes nearer, sometimes more distant; sometimes a little more to the north, and at other times a little more to the east. However this may be, the visitors to Point Just-Enough all agree in stating that it is quite impossible either to come to anchor off it, or to effect a landing upon



it; the water being so deep that no anchor will take the ground, and the current so rapid as to carry you past the Point before you can secure a boat to it by any grapples which have yet been invented. For these reasons all skilful sailors, the moment they arrive at Point Just-Enough, instead of vainly attempting to come to anchor or to land, tack about and steer back again across Pleasant Bay for Soberland, thus avoiding the danger of being carried by the force of the current further on into the Drunken Sea, and perhaps thrown upon an island called Topsy Island, lying at no great distance to the leeward.

The great unwillingness with which all the visitors to Point Just-Enough allow the sailors to tack about and steer homewards, has given rise to an opinion that if a landing upon the Point were practicable, every visitor would settle there permanently, and bid an eternal farewell to Soberland.

The voyage homewards from Point Just-Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outwards; the air gradually loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colours; the current and wind, too, although gentle, yet being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience as they return some diuretic effect, as well as a slight degree of thirst, the latter of which continues after landing, and even until bed-time, unless removed by tea or coffee. The night's sleep is less soft and refreshing, but at the same time heavier than if no visit had been paid to the Point in the day; and on awaking the next morning, a degree of languor is experienced, and sometimes even a little throbbing at the temples, which symptoms, however, disappear either during the making of the toilette or soon after breakfast, and are succeeded by a strong desire for another voyage to Point Just-Enough. This desire being gratified with



as little delay as possible, the same sensations are experienced, and the same consequences ensue, and thus a habit is formed which increases in strength, until at last a daily visit to Point Just-Enough comes to be considered almost as a necessary of life.

Pleasant Bay is therefore covered from early morning until a late hour at night with boats conveying passengers of all ranks and descriptions to Point Just-Enough and back again. The intercourse is however by far the greatest from dinner hour until tea time, the evening being generally considered the most fashionable as well as the most convenient and agreeable time for the voyage. Some dine before they set out, but the greater number take their dinner on board. Among the visitors to Point Just-Enough there are a few who go very irregularly and at long intervals, others who go only every second or third day, and some only on the Sabbath day; but the great majority, unless prevented by illness, go every day of the year at the same hour, and never allow either business or pleasure, or even bankruptcy or insolvency, or trouble or the death of friends or relatives, to interrupt the regularity of their daily sail across Pleasant Bay. Kings and queens, lords and ladies, knights and members of imperial legislatures, professors of all arts and sciences, merchants, traders, artisans, and even those who subsist upon charity, are to be found among the daily visitors to Point Just-Enough; the christian, the jew and the pagan; the white, the black and the olive; the democrat, leveller and aristocrat; the busy as well as the idle, the wise as well as the foolish, the learned as well as the ignorant, the grave as well as the gay, the young as well as the old. Parents bring their children with them, and teach them to navigate the Drunken Sea, as birds teach their young to fly. Employers bring their workmen, and masters their ser-



vants ; the latter however require but little teaching, having generally had the advantage of an early apprenticeship to the art.

It is worthy of remark, that of the countless multitudes who daily sail upon Pleasant Bay, there is not one who can be persuaded that it forms a part of the Drunken Sea. It is also remarkable, that every one of those who make a daily practice of sailing upon this bay, acquires an invincible dread of water, and cannot be prevailed upon to drink it unless when sick.

It has been observed besides, that with the exception of man, all animals have an antipathy to the Drunken Sea, and cannot, without great difficulty, be persuaded to navigate even that part of it called Pleasant Bay. From this fact some naturalists have deduced a distinctive character of man, and instead of describing him as an animal, erect, biped, rational, with teeth intermediate between graminivorous and carnivorous, define him simply, an animal which sails upon the Drunken Sea.

The longitude and latitude of Point Just-Enough never having been exactly ascertained, either from its being situated, as already mentioned, in a floating island, or whatever other cause, geographers have found it very difficult to assign the precise limits of Pleasant Bay. It is, perhaps, to get rid of this difficulty, that some geographers describe Pleasant Bay as extending the whole way from Soberland to Topsy Island. But whether it be or be not geographically correct to apply the name of Pleasant Bay to that part of the Drunken Sea which lies between Point Just-Enough and Topsy Island, it is quite certain that there is no part of this sea where the sky is so bright, the air so fresh and exhilarating, or the motion of the water so lively and buoyant as it is here. It happens, therefore, as might be expected, that many of those who leave Soberland, with the intention of going no further than Point Just-Enough, do yet,



when they arrive at that point, extend their voyage to Topsy Island, tempted by the increasing beauty of the scene, the favoring wind and current, and the easy landing which the shore of the island presents at no great distance. Besides those who thus voluntarily extend their voyage from Point Just-Enough to Topsy Island, there are others who, over-shooting the Point either through ignorance or inadvertence, miss stays in their attempt to tack, and are carried to the island by the force of the wind and current.

As it generally happens that those who have once visited Topsy Island in either of the ways just mentioned, soon return to it again, direct from Soberland, and repeat their visits with great regularity during the remainder of their lives, Topsy Island is always full of visitors. The sensations experienced on this island differ only in degree from those which are felt at Point Just-Enough. The pulse and heart beat a little quicker and stronger, the eyes become brighter, the skin hotter, the face more flushed, the voice louder, the gestures more vehement, the conversation less connected, the ideas rambling and incoherent. Some dance, some sing, some swear, some fight, all stagger about; some become loyal, others patriotic, some poetical, others philosophical; all are veracious, disinterested, magnanimous, chivalrous. It is usual to remain several hours, and even to pass the night upon the island. A few remain upon it for several days together; but as it is considered discreditable to be seen upon it in the morning, those who regard appearances usually leave for Soberland some time before day-break; many fall asleep on the island, and are carried in that state to their boats. In the morning all awake unrefreshed, with a parched mouth, hot skin, red eyes, aching head, and no appetite for breakfast, and spend the day drinking soda water at the great fountain on the quay of Soberland, which looks towards Pleasant Bay,



and longing for evening in order to return to Topsy Island, or at least as far as Point Just-Enough.

Topsy Island is said to have been first discovered by Noah, who planted vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple, situated about the middle of the island, is in a high state of preservation. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and most of the illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, the names of many of whom are to be seen, carved with their own hands, upon the bark of the vines; one of the most recent is that of Sir Walter Scott,\* underneath which are some words of the song which the illustrious author of Waverley used to sing when he visited this island:—

Tarry woo', Tarry woo',

Tarry woo' is ill to spin;

Card it weel, card it weel,

Card it weel ere ye begin.

The author of Waverley was, however, only an occasional visitor to this island. Its daily visitors sing a song which is somewhat different, and runs nearly as follows:—

The Sea, the Sea, the Drunken Sea;

The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free.

Without a mark, without a bound,

It runneth the earth's wide regions round;

It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,

Or like a cradled monster lies,

Or like a cradled monster lies.

I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;

I am where I would ever be,

With heaven above, and hell below,

And ruin whereso'er I go.

If a storm should come, and awake the deep,

What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep,

What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.

\* See Chambers' Journal, No. 406. Nov. 9th, 1839.



I love, oh how I love! to ride, to ride  
 On the fierce, foaming, maddening tide;  
 When every wild wave drowns the moon,  
 Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;  
 And tells of Soberland far below,  
 And how on the Horrors the storm doth blow,  
 And how on the Horrors the storm doth blow.  
 I never was on the Sober shore,  
 But I loved the Drunk Sea more and more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.  
 And a mother she was, and is to me,  
 For I was born on the Drunken Sea,  
 For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea.  
 The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour, in the noisy hour, when I was born;  
 The storm it whistled, the thunder rolled,  
 And the lightning seamed the skies with gold.  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
 As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child,  
 As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child.  
 I have lived since then in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a jovial life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 And never have sought or sighed for change;  
 And death, whenever he comes to me,  
 Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea,  
 Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea.

All navy and regimental messes are held upon this island, and there is no part of the world where the point of honour is so strictly observed, or so many duels fought. It is here that White Bait and other ministerial dinners, election treats, Lord Mayors' feasts, and Sheriffs' breakfasts are given. Barristers always dine here when upon circuit, and medical consultations are sometimes held here. Great discussions on religion and politics take place here, and many of the most famous speeches of members of imperial legislatures have been composed, and not a few of them delivered in this place. There are



several magnificent race-courses on the island, and gaming tables on new and improved principles. It is also the favourite resort of pirates and smugglers, robbers, burglars, and murderers, who have performed some of their most famous exploits upon it. As there is no church nor other place of religious worship on the island, none but the most abandoned are seen upon it during church hour on the Sabbath day; soon after church hour the boats begin to arrive, and continue arriving until a late hour on the Sabbath night.

It is impossible to mistake the habitual visitors of Topsy Island, when you meet them any where in Soberland; their hands are tremulous; their eyes muddy; those parts of their face which should be white are red, and those parts which should be red, and particularly their lips, are blue and purple; they are consumed by an unquenchable internal heat and thirst; have little or no appetite for solid food; are infirm in their gait, either attenuated or bloated in their form, fretful, timid, irresolute of purpose, apprehensive of evil, and have no disposition for useful and active exertion, nor any taste for virtuous society or intellectual enjoyment. Ten thousand millions of money are annually expended in loss of time upon the Drunken Sea and Topsy Island, paying the tolls and fares, manufacturing porter hogsheads, spirit puncheons, and wine pipes; and supporting work-houses, jails, penitentiaries, and penal settlements, police commissioners, and policemen, stipendiary magistrates, dispensaries, hospitals, and lunatic asylums for the use of the visitors of Topsy Island.

Over against Topsy Island on the mainland, and about a league beyond Point Just-Enough, is the port of Paphos. Many of the boats touch here as they return from the island. Malaria is prevalent in this port. The hospital, which is a very large building, and always full of



patients, is situated on a hill immediately above the port, and commands a fine view of the Drunken Sea.

Off Topsy Island, on the side furthest from Paphos, are three sunken rocks called the Horrors. The visitors to Topsy Island are frequently dashed on these rocks by an eddy or whirlpool which surrounds them, and sucks in every boat that comes within a certain distance. Dreadful as is the fate of those who perish at once by this accident, that of the survivors is worse; the strength of their muscles is gone; their stomach rejects its food; their memory and perception are impaired; they are careless and indifferent about their property, friends, and nearest relatives; they are haunted by vain terrors, and not unfrequently imagine that dead or absent persons are present and talking with them; imbecile alike in body and mind, they have no happiness but in Topsy Island, which they never cease to visit, until sooner or later they are again drawn in by the whirlpool, and dashed to pieces upon the same rocks upon which they had so nearly perished before. ✓

On the same side of Topsy Island as the Horrors, but a little further out in the Drunken Sea, are the Liver Sands. These are the more dangerous, because the precise point where they begin or where they end has not been exactly ascertained. Many of the visitors to Topsy Island, in their attempts to keep clear of the whirlpool and the Horrors, run aground upon the Liver Sands; all such become yellow in the skin, hard in the stomach, swelled in the legs, and die dropsical; effects not unlike those which are produced by twenty years residence in India.

It is remarkable that those who sail on the Drunken Sea in boats made of spirit puncheons, more frequently strike upon the Horrors, or run aground upon the Liver Sands than those who sail in wine pipes or porter hogsheads. The superior safety of the two last mentioned



classes of vessels is, however, counterbalanced by their peculiar defects; porter hogsheads in particular not only dull the wits and bloat the bodies of those who sail much in them, but are besides so heavy and unpleasant sailers, and produce so much biliousness and sea sickness, that many persons say they would rather not sail at all upon the Drunken Sea than go in them; while, on the other hand, the wine pipes are infested by a venomous insect, from which no degree of care can keep them free. This insect, which closely resembles the common bug, is generated in the lees of the wine, and like the bug, hides itself in the crevices of the wood, from whence issuing out unobserved, it bites somewhere about the great toe. The pain and swelling which follow its bite are very considerable, extending to the foot, and even to the entire limb. Those who have been frequently bitten by it, have their legs swelled so as to resemble elephant's legs, are very irritable and choleric, and subject to fits of indigestion and apoplexy, which sometimes prove fatal in the course of a few hours. The antidote to the bite of this insect consists in drinking a large quantity of water, and never again sailing upon the Drunken Sea. It is, however, seldom used, as the bite of the insect has the property of communicating along with the poison an invincible repugnance to the antidote. For this reason few who have been bitten by this insect ever recover.

For some distance all round the Horrors, and on the Liver-sands, the sea is dark and rough, the winds loud and boisterous, and the sky overcast with clouds, which not unfrequently overshadow a great part of Topsy Island. When you pass this island, and advance further into the Drunken Sea, the water becomes still darker and rougher, the winds more loud and boisterous, and the clouds which overspread the sky more black and lowering. Continuing to proceed, you enter into a dense



fog called Fatuous Fog, which reaches from the water quite to the clouds, and shuts in the view in every direction. Immediately on entering this fog, the compass ceases to point, and whirls round incessantly with a rotatory motion upon its axis. Navigation being thus rendered impossible, it rarely happens that a boat which has entered Fatuous Fog is ever seen again. The few travellers who have ever emerged from it having been found to be either insane or idiotic, have been received into a lunatic asylum which stands upon a little point of land running into the sea, opposite to Paphos and Point Just-Enough. Beyond Fatuous Fog, and forming the extreme limit of the Drunken Sea, there is a range of very high and inaccessible mountains, called the Mountains of No-Hope. At the foot of these mountains the sea beats with inconceivable fury, throwing up from time to time human bones and fragments of wrecked and foundered vessels.

The boatmen believe that somewhere under the Mountains of No-Hope there is an outlet through which the waters of the Drunken Sea discharge themselves into the abyss of Hell.

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The sea outbursting, stirs the mountain echo,  
 And the fields crushes with its sounding swell :  
 Here stablished he withal, the Teucrian seat 300  
 And city of Patavium ; to his people  
 Assigned a name ; his Trojan arms uphung ;  
 And now in placid peace composedly rests :  
 But we, thy progeny, to whom thy nod  
 (x) Heaven's high place grants ; our ships (infandous !) lost,  
 We are betrayed, an individual ire  
 To gratify, and from Italian coast  
 Wide severed. Is it thus our piety  
 Thou honorest ? Our restored sceptre this ?"  
 The sower of Gods and men, with that aspect 310  
 Which stills the storms, and smooths the ruffled skies,  
 Touched with his lips his daughter's lips and smiled :—  
 " Spare thy fear, Cytherea," then he said,  
 " Thy Trojan fates stand stedfast ; thou the promised  
 Walls shalt behold and city of Lavinium, 315  
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft  
 Magnanimous Eneas ; nor reversed  
 Am I of sentiment ; he, (for because  
 This care remords thee, I will speak ; and further  
 Before thy view roll on, the arcane of fate,) 320

fountain of Timavus (see his Exc. 7, ad En. i), but have actually described (ibid.) the bursting out of the sea through the fountain, and yet not have perceived that this very bursting out of the sea through the fountain, was the one essential thing which Virgil wished to place before the reader. I may add that the observation of the fact of the salt or sea water issuing from the fountain and flowing down the course of the river, so as

apparently to supply a source to the sea itself, affords a much more probable origin of the ancient term *μήνη θαλάσσης*, and its modern translation, *La madre del mare*, applied by the inhabitants to the *fons Timavi*, than any supposed resemblance to a sea, which its breadth, rapidity, or roaring noise may have conferred on the river Timavus.

(x) V. 251.—*Infandum*. See second note to En. ii, 3.



He, mighty war shall wage in Italy,  
Contund ferocious nations, to his people  
A city build, and stablish a regime;  
Till the third summer hath beheld him reign  
In Latium, and three winters have o'erpassed 325  
Since conquest of the Rutuli: his son,  
The boy Ascanius, now Iulus surnamed,  
(Ilus he was while palmy Ilium stood,)  
Shall with his empire thirty great rounds fill,  
With all their rolling months; and from Lavinium 330  
The governmental seat to Alba Longa,  
Upheld with all munificence, transfer.  
Here, whole three hundred years, the dynasty  
Hectorian rules; until, of Mars impregnate,  
Queen-priestess Ilia brings twin burden forth: 335  
Then, joyous in his nurse-wolf's tawny hide,  
Takes Romulus the nation; walls Mavortian  
Builds; and the people from his own name calls  
Romans. To these no bound-stone I assign,  
Nor epoch-limit; without end they reign: 340  
Even asperous Juno, with her fears who now  
Worries earth, sea, and sky, her backward counsel  
Shall wiser take, and with me the toged nation  
Of Romans cherish, masters of the world:  
So have I willed. Elapsing lustra bring 345  
An era, when Assaracus' house shall hold  
Phthia in thrall, and brilliant-far Mycenae,  
And o'er discomfite Argos dominate.  
Of Troy's fair stock shall Cesar then be born;  
Whose empire, ocean, whose high fame, the stars, 350  
Alone shall limit; Cesar, Julius called,



From thine Iulus his great ancestor.  
 Laden with orient spoils, him into heaven  
 Shalt thou secure receive ; him too, with vows  
 Shalt hear invoked : then shall the sour-crabbed world 355  
 (y) Cease warring, and grow mellow ; hoary Faith

(y) V. 292.—*Cana Fides et Vesta, &c.* The simple meaning is *that men, ceasing from war, shall live as they did in the good old times, when they obeyed the precepts of Fides, Vesta, and Remus and Romulus.* [See next note.] It is sufficiently evident from Georg. i, 498 ; ii, 533, that the deities here mentioned were specially associated by the Roman mythology with that primitive epoch of the national history, to which the Romans (sharing a feeling common to all civilised nations that have ever existed) loved to look back as an epoch of peace and innocence ; for this reason and no other are they specified as the gods of the returning golden age here announced by Jupiter. I am unwilling so far to derogate from the dignity of this sentiment, as to suppose, with Heyne, that it contains an allusion to the trivial circumstance of the temples of Fides, Vesta, and Remus and Romulus being seated on the Palatine hill near the palace of Augustus ; nor do I think it necessary to discuss the opinion advanced by the late Mr. Seward, and preserved by Hayley, in one of the notes to his second Epistle on Epic Poetry, that the meaning is, *that civil and criminal justice shall be administered in those temples*, that opinion being based on the erroneous interpretation of *jura dabunt*, pointed out in note to v. 293.

The whole of this enunciation of the fates by Jupiter is one magnificent strain of adulation of Augustus. A similar adulation, although somewhat more disguised, is plainly to be read in every word of Venus's

complaint to Jupiter, and in the very circumstance of the interview between the queen of love and beauty and the *Pater hominumque deûmque* ; that interview having for its sole object the fortunes of Eneas, Augustus's ancestor, and the foundation by him of that great Roman empire, of which Augustus was now the absolute master and head. Nor is the adulation of Augustus confined to those parts of the Eneis, in which, as in the passages before us, there is reference to him by name or distinct allusion ; it pervades the whole poem from beginning to end ; and could not have been least pleasing to a person of so refined a taste, where it is least direct, and where the praise is bestowed, not upon himself, but upon that famous goddess-born ancestor, from whom it was his greatest pride and boast that he was descended. Not that I suppose, with Warburton and Spence, either that the character of Augustus is adumbrated in that of Eneas, or that the Eneis is a political poem, having for its object to reconcile the Roman nation to the newly settled order of things ; on the contrary, I agree with Heyne that there are no sufficient grounds for either of these opinions, and that they are each of them totally inconsistent with the boldness and freedom necessary to a great epic. But nevertheless, without going so far as Warburton or Spence, I am certainly of opinion that Virgil wrote the Eneis in honor of Augustus : that he selected Eneas for his hero, chiefly because, as Augustus's reputed ancestor, and the first founder of the Roman empire, his praises would



(z) Shall legislate, and Vesta, and, with Remus,

(a) Brother Quirinus ; the compaginate

redound more to the honor of, and, therefore, be more grateful to, Augustus, than those of any other hero with which the heroic age could have furnished him ; and, still further, that he not only purposely abstained from introducing topics which might have been disagreeable to the feelings, or derogatory to the reputation, of Augustus, but also seized every opportunity of giving such tendency and direction to his story, and illustrating it with such allusions as he judged would be best received by him, and shed most honor and glory upon his name. Nor let this be called mere adulation ; call it rather the heartfelt gratitude of the partial poet towards his munificent friend and patron, and the fulfilment and realisation of his allegorical promise to build a magnificent temple to him by Mincius' side.

—— *viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam*

*Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.*

*In medio mihi Cesar erit, templumque tenebit.*

Georg. iii, 13—39.

(z) V. 293.—*Jura dabunt. Jura dare* is, primarily, *to make and impose laws, to perform the function of lawgiver*, and, therefore, secondarily, *to rule*—Cesar dum magnus.....victor.....volentes Per populos dat jura. Georg. iv, 560. Hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur. En. i, 731. See also En. iii, 137 ; v. 758 ; viii, 670, &c.

It is surprising that Heyne, having correctly interpreted *jura dabunt* in the passage before us, by *præerunt*, should afterwards, at line 507, fall into the common error, and confound *jura dare* with *jus dicere*, the meaning of which is *to expound, explain, or lay down what the law is, to perform the office of a judge, to administer justice*. Ea res a Volcatio qui Romae jus dicit, rejecta in Galliam est. Cicer. Fam.

Epist. 13, 14. Appius.....quam asperrime poterat jus de creditis pecuniis dicere. Liv. ii, 27. Ipse jus dixit assidue, et in noctem nonnumquam : si parum corpore valeret, lecticâ pro tribunali collocatâ vel etiam domi cubans. Suet. in Aug. c. 33. I think also that Heyne confines *jura dabunt* within too narrow limits by subjoining *imperio Romano* ; and that he should have used some more comprehensive term, such as *hominibus*, or *populis*, or *gentibus*, which would better harmonise with the wide extent of the term *saecula*, and with the general spirit of the prophecy, that the peace was to be universal, to extend over the whole world.

(a) V. 293.—*Dirae ferro et compagibus arctis*

*Claudentur belli portae*——

Heyne has set his seal to the following, which is the universally received interpretation of this passage ; [belli] *porta dira*, quia dei diri et abominandi, *clauditur ferro et compagibus arctis*, seu vinculis, h. e. foribus serratis. (Excurs. 9. ad En. l.) It seems almost incredible that neither Heyne nor any of the other commentators should have perceived that this interpretation is not only inconsistent with the well known meaning of the word *compages*, but with the plain and obvious structure of the sentence, and with the fairly presumable intention of Virgil. 1st—With the well known meaning of *compages*, which is not *bolts or other fastenings*, but *the conjunction or colligation of the parts of which a compound object is compacted or put together, as of the stones or bricks of a wall* (Lucan, iii, 491), *of the planks of a ship* (En. i, 122), or *other wooden building, ex. gr. the wooden horse* (En. ii, 51), or *of the organs constituting an animal body* (Cic. de Senect. c. 21), or *of the several*



Dire, of war's iron portals, shall be closed,  
 And impious Fury on grim arms, within, 360  
 Pinioned with hundred-knotted brass, shall sit  
 And growl, horrid with blood-beslavered mouth."  
 He says, and Maia's son demits from high,  
 The lands of Carthage, and young towers to open  
 Hospitious to the Teucrian; lest, of fate 365  
 Unweeting, Dido from her bounds off-warn :

*constituent parts of which an empire* (Tacit. Hist. iv, 74), *or the world itself* (Aul. Gell. vi, 1), *consists*. This is the only meaning which the word *compages* has either in the Latin language, or in the English, into which it has been adopted from the Latin. 2ndly—The received interpretation is inconsistent with the plain and obvious structure, according to which *ferro et compagibus* is connected with *dirae*, not with *claudentur*, in the same way as *ore cruento* at the close of the sentence is connected with *horridus*, not with *fremet*. It is impossible for the reader or reciter to separate *ferro et compagibus arctis* from *dirae*, or *ore cruento* from *horridus*, without making, at *dirae* and *horridus*, pauses very disagreeable both to the ear and sense. So also, in the sentence *ora modis attollens pallida miris* (v. 354), *modis miris* is joined with *pallida*, not with *attollens*, as is proved by the corresponding sentence, Georg. i, 477, *Simulacra modis pallentia miris*. See note, v, 637. Pliny uses *dirae* in precisely the same construction (B. v, c. 4), *Sinus vadoso mari dirus*. 3rdly—Even if it were admitted (which, however, I cannot admit), that *compages* might, in another situation, mean *the bolts or fastenings of a gate*, still we must, in justice to the *ars poetica* of Virgil, refer it in this situation to *the structure of the gate itself*, because it would have been highly incorrect and unpoetical to lay

so great a stress on the mere circumstance of the *fastenings of the gate being of iron*, since it appears not only from the celebrated line of Ennius, quoted by Horace, but from Virgil's own *Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes* (En. vii, 622), that *the gate itself was iron*; it is incredible that Virgil should have presented us with the minor picture of the *iron fastenings*, and wholly omitted the greater picture of the *iron gate*. The structure, therefore, is *dirae compagibus arctis ferri*, and these words are the description of the gate itself; *dirae* expressing the effect which its appearance produced on the mind; *ferro* informing us that its material was iron; *compagibus* that it consisted of several pieces adapted to each other; and *arctis*, that those pieces were closely joined or compacted together, for, as appears from En. i, 122, closeness does not form an essential part of the idea expressed by *compages*. It will further be observed, that the emphasis (which by the received interpretation is thrown upon the fastenings of the gate) is by this mode of rendering the passage, thrown upon *claudentur*, the really emphatic word, as containing the principal idea, the *closing* of the temple of Janus in the time of universal peace. Exactly parrallel to *ferro et compagibus arctis*, we have (En. ii, 627) *ferro crebrisque bipennibus*, for *crebris bipennibus ferri*.



(b) He, the great air with oary pinion cleaving,  
 Speedy on Libya's confine hath alit;  
 And now he does his bidding; and the Poeni,  
 At the God's will, do off the heart ferocious; 370  
 Nor least the queen toward Teucria's sons accepts  
 A peaceful spirit and benign inclining.

But good Eneas, thoughts innumerable  
 All night revolving, to go forth at light's  
 Benignant dawn, determines, and explore 375  
 The unknown country; on what coast the storm  
 Had cast him; by man tenanted, or beast,  
 (For idle he beholds the terrene lie,)  
 And to his comrades with report return.  
 In dell of the wood, beneath a rock's o'erhang, 380  
 He hides the ships, with trees round closed, and thick  
 Umbrageous horror; then by sole Achates

(c) Accompanied, and quivering in his hand

(b) V. 300.—*Volat ille, &c.*

Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady  
 wing. *Par. Lost*, v, 266.

(c) V. 313.—*Crispans*. This word, both here and in the 12th book, v. 165, where it is applied in the same context to Turnus, is commonly understood to mean *brandishing*; a meaning which, however, it is difficult to admit, both because it is foreign to the etymology, and because Eneas and Turnus are represented as peacefully engaged (the one setting out to explore the country, and the other to ratify a solemn truce), and therefore could not be either poetically or pictorially drawn, *brandishing their javelins*. Let us understand *crispans* to mean *quivering* or shaking with a short vibratory motion quickly returned upon itself, the two *hastilia*,

held, as it is probable, by the middle, together, in the one hand, and we have a meaning which is, first, perfectly consistent with the common usage of *crispus* and *crispans*, employed by Latin writers (a) to express the state of a thing curled, wreathed, or twisted on itself, as crisped or curled hair; and (b) to express a short, quick, frequently repeated motion or quivering or vibration called *crispus*, because it is returned, and as it were *crisped* or curled upon itself. “*Tutissimum est cum vibrat crispante aedificiorum crepitu.*” Pliny, l. ii, c. 84, speaking of an earthquake. “*Crispum sub crotalo docta movere latus.*” *Copa*. l. ii. And which, 2ndly, harmonises well, on the one hand, with peaceful occupation, and, on the other, with muscular strength and manly bearing.



Twain darts, broad-iron-headed, sallies forth.

(d) Him, in the midst of the wood, his mother met, 385

Maiden in face and dress ; like Spartan maiden,  
Armed, or Harpalyce of Thrace, the panting  
Steeds when she urges, and outstrips swift Eurys ;

For from her shoulders she had hung the wonted  
Bow habile of the huntress, and her hair 390

Loosed to the winds ; a gathered knot restrained

(e) Her robe from flowing, and her knee was bare :—

“ What ho ! young men,” she prior thus, “ direct me  
If sister mine ye chance have seen here straying,  
Succinct with spotted lynx’s hide and quiver ; 395

Or the foam wild-boar with whoop-hallo chasing ?”

So Venus : and thus answered Venus’ son :—

“ No sister thine have I or heard or seen,  
O how shall I salute thee, maid ? for not  
Mortal those features, nor of earth that voice ; 400

O Goddess certain ; art Apollo’s sister,  
Or of the nymphs’ blood ? on us look propitious,  
And our toils lighten, whosoe’er thou art ;

And neath what sky we are tossed about, at last,  
In what world-district teach us ; of the place 405

And people, alike ignorant we wander,  
Hither by winds compelled, and vasty waves :

Many the victim which, in thanks to thee,

By our right hand, shall fall before the altar.”

(d) V. 314—*Cui mater*, &c. Compare the admirable conciseness of this exquisite picture with the (dare I say ? tedious) diffuseness of the Spenserian copy.—*Faerie Queene*, ii, 3, 31, and seq.

(e) V. 320.—*Nuda genu*, &c.

Each maiden’s short barbaric vest  
Left all unclosed the knee and breast  
And limbs of shapely jet;

\* \* \* \* \*  
A quiver on their shoulders lay.

*Bridal of Triermain.*



(f) "Of such high honor I not deem me worthy," 410

Venus replied; "to bear the quiver wont  
The Tyrian maidens, and the mid-leg lace  
High with the purple buskin; thou beholdest  
Realm Punic, Tyrians, and Agenor's city;

(g) But Libyan soil, a race of stubborn war; 415

Dido, the ruler; from Tyre city hither  
In refuge from her brother-german fled;  
Long the wrong-doing, the ambages long;  
But I will follow the facts' prominences.

(h) With primal omens, by her father plight 420

(f) V. 335.—*Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*. Not referring specially to *Multa tibi ante aras, &c.*, but generally to the whole of Eneas's speech, ascribing divinity to her.

(g) V. 339.—*Genus intractabile bello*. I am decided by the so similar phrase, *genus insuperabile bello* (En. iv, 40), applied to the *Gaetulae urbes*, to take part with Heyne against Wagner, and refer *genus intractabile bello*, not to *Carthage*, but to the immediately preceding, *fines Libyci*.

(h) V. 343.—*Huic conjux Sichaeus erat*. It has not, I believe, occurred to any of the numerous commentators or translators of the Eneis, that it is the intention of Virgil to represent Sichaeus otherwise than as the husband of Dido. It seems to me, however, that he is plainly described not as the *husband*, but only as the *sponsus* or *betrothed*. I shall, perhaps, be excused for giving at some length my arguments in support of an opinion, which, if correct, gives a new charm not only to this romantic episode, but to the whole story of Dido, and consequently to the Eneis itself.

1.—The word employed to express the relation in which Dido and Sichaeus

stood to each other is not *maritus* nor *uxor*, but *conjux*, a term frequently applied, both by Virgil himself (Bucol. viii, 18 and 66; En. iii, 331; vii, 189; ix, 138), and by other writers (ex. gr., Ovid, Metam. v, 10; Tibull. iii, 2, 4), to unmarried persons, whether betrothed, or whether, as in the greater number of the instances just quoted, no more than mere lovers or sweethearts.

[The term *conjux*, it is most probable, was first used in this sense by anticipation (nothing being more natural than to apply beforehand to the beloved object, the endearing appellation to which he or she was soon to become entitled by marriage); and its use afterwards extended (a) to cases in which, as in the instance before us, the anticipation had ceased, and (b) to cases in which, as in Tibull. 2, 3, 4, (where see comments of Heyne and Broukhusius,) there never had been any anticipation at all. So, also, in English, by a similar anticipation, even the terms *husband* and *wife* (so much more peculiarly the property of the married state than the Latin *conjux*) are, not merely in the familiar language of every day life (Shakespeare, "Taming of the Shrew," act iii, sc. 2), but even by the gravest writers, applied to the parties before marriage; of which see a remarkable instance in Wickliffe's translation of



Columns immane. Busy they are as bees,  
 In flowery rural, neath young summer's sun,  
 (p) When they lead forth the nation's adult births;  
 Or stow the liquent honey, that the cells 525  
 Bulge with sweet nectar; or unload the arrivers;  
 Or in a body marshalled, from the stalls  
 Compel the lazy drone-crew; glows the work,  
 And savory smells of thyme the fragrant honey:—  
 "O fortunate, whose walls already rise," 530  
 Eneas says, the city-tops up-eyeing;  
 And entering cloud-wrapt, mixes in the midst,  
 (Miraculous to tell), unseen of any.  
 Stood, mid the city, a grove's most joyful shade,  
 Where erst the wave-and-whirlwind-buffed 535  
 Poeni exhumed the mettled courser's head,  
 Of royal Juno the appointed token,  
 That for long ages, war-preeminent  
 And wealthy-wallowing the race should live.  
 A temple huge to Juno here Sidonian 540  
 Dido was founding, opulent in gifts  
 And the God-presence; high on steps arose  
 (q) Whose brazen-columned, brazen-architaved

(p) V. 431.—*Adultos*—having undergone their transformations, and assumed the perfect or adult insect-form, that of *imago*.

*Gentis*—because "*solae communes gnatos—habent.*" Georg. iv, 153.

(q) V. 448.—*Nixaeque aere trabes*. Virgil's principal commentators, while they agree in adopting the vulgar reading of this passage, *nixaeque aere trabes*, differ toto caelo in its interpretation. Heyne (who is followed by Wagner) having justly rejected the

usually received meaning ("aere nexae vulgo sic accipi videas, ut postium, h.e. trabium, ex ligno v. c. abiegnarum, vincula et clavi seu unci sint ex aere") as utterly unworthy of the dignity of the description, gives his own interpretation in these words: "*nexaeque liminibus (adjunctae et impositae limini) trabes (postes) surgebant (erant ex) aere.*" Wunderlich, on the other hand, objecting with equal justice to Heyne's gloss, that *aere* cannot be separated from *nexae*, and that there is a manifest



Entrance, and valved door on the hinges grating.

In this grove first a novelty presents, 545

Assauning apprehension ; here first dares

Eneas hope for safety, and more trust

(r) Repose in his down-beaten circumstance ;

For whilst, the queen awaiting, he contemplates

incorrectness in the double construction, *aerea surgebant* and *surgebant aere*, understands *nexae aere* to be equivalent to *aereus*. But if equivalent to *aereus*, *nexae aere* had better been omitted, as embarrassing the construction without conveying any meaning not already conveyed by *aerea*, the action of which is as full and perfect on *trabes* as on *limina*. Besides these separate, there is one general, objection to all the explanations which have been, or, as far as I can see, can be offered of this reading ; viz., that they all so limit Virgil's description as to make it the description, not of a temple, or the façade or portal of a temple, but of a mere door ; the sum total of the sense contained in the two lines being, *that there were steps up to the door, the sill, posts, and valves of which were of brass*. I therefore unite with Catrou in rejecting the common reading, as incapable of affording any good sense, and in adopting the more unusual one, *nixaeque*, the authorities for which are enumerated in Heyne's *Variae Lectiones*. This reading being adopted, the passage becomes disembarassed of all difficulty, the construction clear, and the meaning harmonious to the context, and worthy of Virgil. *Limina* is the entrance or portal, (in which wide sense the plural *limina* will be found to be much more frequently used by Virgil than in its narrow and limited sense of *sill* or *threshold*. "Limina perrumpit." En. ii, 480. "Penetrant limina." Georg. ii, 504. "Irrumpit limina." En. iv, 645, &c.) *Trabes* are the beams or architraves supporting

the roof. "*Trabes supra columnas et paratatas et antas ponuntur.*" Vitruv. B. iv, c. 2. And again, B. iv, c. 7. "*Eaeque trabes compactiles ponantur ut tantam habeant crassitudinem quantae summae columnae erit hypotrachelium.* That these *trabes* were sometimes of brass, or overlaid with brass, appears from Claudian, 33, 342 ; "*Trabibus solidatur ahenis Culmen.*" *Aerea surgebant* is the common predicate of *limina* and *trabes* : *nixae aere* the special predicate of *trabes*, which are represented as leaning on brass (sciz. *brazen columns*), the precise position of the *trabes* (the modern *architrave*), as described by Vitruvius. The picture presented is that of the whole façade of the temple, consisting of the brazen *limina* (or parts immediately about the door, and in particular probably the front wall of the temple as seen behind the columns) the brazen *architrave*, supported on *brazen columns*, and the *brazen folding or valved doors*, all elevated on a flight of steps. The palace of Alcinous (Odys. vii), the Roman Pantheon, and the doors of the court of Solomon's temple, afford well-known exemplifications of the ancient practice of plating various parts of buildings with brass, for the sake of ornament. In further confirmation of the reading *nixae*, I may observe that the omission of columns in the description of so great and magnificent a temple, would have been very singular and remarkable.

(r) V. 452.—*Afflictis*. See note, En. ii, 92.



The several objects neath the temple huge ; 550  
 Whilst he admires the fortune of the city,  
 The artists' hands harmonious, and the works'  
 Labor, he sees, a-row, the Ilian battles,  
 And wars already through the world fame-published ;  
 Atrides, Priam, and austerne to both, 555  
 Achilles. He stood still, and, "what place now,"  
 Said weeping, "O Achates ; what earth-region,  
 Not of our toils full ! Behold Priamus !  
 Even here its meed hath virtue ; misery, tears ;  
 And human sorrow touches human hearts ; 560  
 Thy fears dismiss ; this fame brings thee some safety."  
 He says, and feeds thought on the painted inane ;  
 Much groaning, and his face with large flood wetting ;  
 For he beholds, round Pergamus war-waging,  
 Here fly the Graii, Troja's youth pursue ; 565  
 There flying Phrygia, urging in his car  
 Crested Achilles ; nor far hence of Rhesus,  
 Acknowledges with tears the snowy tent-sheets,  
 (s) Which by first sleep betrayed, yon gore-thick Diomede  
 Has devastated, and the fiery horses 570  
 Off to the camp turns, ere they taste Troy's fodder,  
 Or drink of Xanthus. In another part,  
 Arms lost, and flying, behold Troilus,  
 (Unhappy youth, match for Achilles unmeet !)  
 Dragged by his horses, and to the empty chariot 575  
 Resupine clinging, yet the reins still holding ;  
 His nape and hair the ground trail, spear inverted  
 Writes in the dust. Meanwhile with sparkled locks,

(s) V. 471.—*Multâ vastabat caede cruentus*. See notes, En. j, 293 and 637.



- To unjust Pallas' fane, the Iliades  
 Wend, and the peplum bear ; sad-suppliant, 580  
 Breast-smiting ; but the Goddess away turning,  
 On the ground fixes eyes immovable.  
 Achilles thrice round Ilian walls hath rapt  
 Hector, and sells for gold the lifeless body.  
 Huge was the groan then from his breast's depth drawn,  
 When he beheld the spoils there, and the chariot  
 And very body of his friend, and forth  
 (t) Stretched Priam's helpless hands ; himself too there,  
 Mellied with chiefs Achaian, he agnises,  
 The fronts Eoan, and black Memnon's arms. 590  
 Penthesilea furent, the bands leading  
 Of lune-shield Amazons, mid thousands burns,  
 Beneath exserted mamma golden zone  
 (u) Girds warrior, and, a maid, dares cope with men.

- While stupefact, in one adhesive gaze, 595  
 (x) Dardan Eneas views these wonderments,  
 (y) The queen comes to the temple, loveliest Dido,

(t) V. 487.—*Inermes*. See note, En. ii, 67.

(u) V. 492.—*Subnectens.....bellatrix ;—audet.....Virgo*. See note, En. ii, 552.

(x) V. 494.—*Dardanio Eneae*. Observe the delicate propriety with which the term *Dardan* is applied to Eneas, at the moment when, by the sudden presentation to him, in a strange land, of his own and his country's history, his mind is filled with, and overwhelmed by, *Dardan* recollections.

(y) V. 496.—*Regina ad templum, &c.* Our author, according to his wont, (see notes, En. ii, 18 and 51,) especially on occasions when he wishes to

be more than usually impressive, presents us, first, with the single principal idea, and afterwards adds those which are necessary for explanation or embellishment. *The queen comes to the temple ; she is of exquisite beauty, and her name is Dido*. *Regina* contains the principal idea, because it is the queen, as queen, whom Eneas is expecting and recognises ; it is, therefore, placed first : *pulcherrima* follows next, because the queen's beauty was almost of necessity the immediately succeeding idea in Eneas's mind ; and the name, *Dido*, is placed last, as of least importance, and serving only to identify, and connect with the narrative of Venus.



Honor-accompanied of numerous youth ;

(z)(a) So on Eurotas' banks, or slopes of Cynthe,

Diana plies the dance, whom thousand Oreads 600

Follow, and round on this and that side cluster ;

Her shoulder bears the quiver, and she moves

Among the Goddesses, out-topping all ;

(b) While through Latona's breast the silent joy thrills.

Such Dido was ; so bore herself in the midst 605

Joyous, the work and future realm on-urging ;

The Goddess' doors within then, underneath

(c) The templed mid-dome, fenced with arms, and high

Leaned on a throne, her seat takes ; to the brave men

Statutes and rights was giving, labor-shares 610

Justly apportioning or lot-deciding ;

When suddenly, with concourse vast, approach,

Eneas Antheus sees, Sergest, and brave

Cloanth, and other Teucri ; on sea-plain

Whom whirlwind black had sunder driven, and quite

To other shores offborne. Astound he stood,

Self and Achates simultaneous struck

With joy alike, and fear ; eager they burned

To clasp hands, but the circumstance unwist

(z) V. 498.—*Qualis in Eurotae ripis,*  
&c. See note, En. i, 343.

(a) V. 498.—*Juga.* See note, En.  
ii, 631.

(b) V. 502.—*Latonae tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*

These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving

.....inly rejoiced.

*Par. Reg. i. 227.*

(c) V. 506.—*Solioque alte subnixa.*  
*Subniti ; to take or derive support out of something placed underneath ; to lean upon (without, however, including the*

idea of reclination, or deviation from the perpendicular) ; *to rest upon* (without including the idea of repose). From this, the primitive meaning of *subniti* (not sufficiently understood by any of the commentators or translators), directly flows its derived meaning of *relying upon*.

*Subnixa* operates, not (as gratuitously and most unpoetically supposed by Heyne) on *scabello* understood, but on *solio* ; and the *ordo* is, *saepta armis subnixaque alte solio, resedit foribus divae, &c.*



Their spirit deranges : they dissimulate 620  
 And what their comrades' fortune, from their cloudy  
 Envelope speculate ; on what shore left  
 The fleet ; why come ; for delegates came there  
 From every ship, grace praying, and the temple  
 Sought clamorous. Now entrance had, and leave 625  
 Granted to speak in presence, thus began,  
 With calm breast, mightiest Ilioneus :—" O queen,  
 To whom Jove has given to found a city new,  
 And curb proud nations with law's wholesomeness ;  
 We wretched Trojans, through all seas wind-carried, 630  
 (d) Beseech thee, from our ships the infandous flame  
 Forbid ; a pious kindred spare, and look  
 More kindly near upon our circumstance.  
 Libyan Penates to lay waste with steel  
 We come not, or rapt booty to drive shore-ward ; 635  
 Not ours that strength of spirit ; not to us,  
 Conquered, that arrogance. A place there is  
 By Graii named Hesperia ; an old land,  
 Of powerful arms, and uddery glebe ; its early  
 Tillers the Enotrii ; and now, report is, 640  
 Called by its younger children Italy,  
 From the chief's name the nation. As our course  
 Thither we steered, stormy Orion rising  
 With sudden sea-swell, on blind shallows drove,  
 And utterly, with Austri lewd, dispelled us 645  
 Through conquering waves, and rocks impassable :  
 Hither we few have floated to your shores.  
 What kin of men this ? what so barbarous country

(d) V. 525.—*Infandos*. See note second, En. ii, 3.



Permits this use? we are prohibited  
 Strand-hospitality; they bring their war, 650  
 And bid our foot not touch the landing edge.

If man ye spurn and mortal arms, yet doubt not  
 The Gods are memoried still of right and wrong.

A king was ours, Eneas; none more just  
 Lived, or more pious; or in war-arms greater; 655  
 Whom if the fates preserve still, if the air  
 Ethereal nourishes, nor yet the hero

(e) Low in the cruel shades lies, not to us  
 Fear; not to thee, perhaps, that thou hast striven  
 Foremost in kindly offices, repentance. 660

In Sicily, too, cities are ours, and fields,  
 And Trojan-sprung Acestes' brilliant name.

Our weather-beaten ships permit us strand;  
 Some timbers fit; some oars strip in the woods;  
 That, if vouchsafed with mates and king recovered 665

Our onward course to Italy to steer,  
 Italy joyful we may seek and Latium;  
 But if our safeguard gone, and Libyan sea,

(e) V. 548.—*Non metus, &c.* “*Non metuendum est ne te poeniteat beneficiis nos provocasse.*” Heyne. But, 1st, *non metuendum, &c.*, is weak and impotent as the sole conclusion, from a premiss, which Virgil has taken care to render as impressive as possible, by repeating it three times in different words. 2ndly—This conclusion might have been expressed more shortly, simply, and clearly, by a single negative joined to *poeniteat* (or *poenitebit*), than by the double negative, *non metus ne*. 3rdly—*Non metus*, so understood, conveys the very uncomplimentary imputation, that Dido did fear that she might receive no re-

compense for kindness shown to the Trojans. 4thly—This interpretation makes it necessary to substitute a new reading, *ne*, for the received one, *nec*. For all these reasons, I understand Ilioneus as drawing two distinct conclusions from his premises; the first, *non metus*, referring solely to the Trojans; the second, *officio nec te, &c.*, referring to Dido; an interpretation, which is strongly confirmed by the words *sin absumta salus, &c.*, v. 555, (referring plainly, as I think, to the preceding *non metus*); *but if, Eneas having perished, our safety is gone, and we have therefore every thing to fear, &c.*



O Teucria's best sire, holds thee, and extinct  
Iulus' hope ; Sicania's straits at least, 670  
And seats prepared, whence hither we were carried,  
And king Acestes, let us seek again."  
So Ilioneus, and every Dardan mouth  
Murmured assent. Then briefly Dido forth  
Speaks with abased look :—" From your hearts all fear  
Dismiss, O Teucri ; set apart all care ;  
Necessity compels me, and my realm's  
Newness, to take these measures, and my frontier  
Fend with wide guard. Who not the race Enean  
Knows, and Troy city ; heroes, and heroisms, 680  
And conflagration of so great a war ?  
Not so obtuse the breasts we Poeni bear,  
Nor so averse yokes Sol from the Tyrian city.  
Whether Hesperia great, and Saturn's fields,  
Or Eryx' bounds ye choose, and king Acestes, 685  
Safe I will send ye on with aid ; with means  
Plenteous rejoice ye ; in these kingdoms here  
Along with me to settle, if your wish be,  
The city I found is yours ; strand high your ships ;  
Trojan and Tyrian shall be one to me ; 690  
And glad I were, that king Eneas' self  
Were present here, compelled by the same Notus:  
Scouts certainly through the sea-coasts I'll send,  
And bid search Libya's extremes, lest by the waves  
Eject, he wander in some wood or city." 695

Emboldened by these words, Achates brave  
And sire Eneas, from the cloud to break  
Some time were burning ; and Achates first



Bespeaks Eneas:—" Goddess-born, what thought  
Now in thy breast springs? All things safe thou seest;  
Fleet, crews recovered; absent one alone,  
Whom in the midst of the waves ourselves saw sink:  
All corresponds else to thy mother's words."

Scarce said, when suddenly the circumfused  
Cloud cleaves, and purges into open air; 705  
Forth stands Eneas, and in brilliant light  
Refulges, face and shoulders like a God;

(f) For on the son the mother's self had breathed  
The hair becoming, and the purple light,  
And joyous honors of the eyes, of youth; 710

(g) Such added grace the hand to ivory gives,

(f) V. 589.—*Decoram Caesariem nato genetrice, lumenque juventae Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflârat honores.* *Juventae* belongs to *caesariem* and *honores*, as well as to *lumen*; because, *becoming hair and joyful brightness of the eyes* belong, no less than *a fresh colour*, to *youth*; and because the expressions, *decora caesaries* and *laetos honores*, are weak and indefinite, unless joined with *juventae*.

(g) V. 592.—*Quale manus, &c.* The celebrated couplet, in which Thomson, speaking of Lavinia's lover, says,

He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty concealed,

is not inapplicable to the commentators and translators of this passage, who have seen but half its charms, the other half lying hid behind the slight shading of Virgil's most delicate pencil. Let us follow the traces which lead to the retreat of the concealed beauty. Virgil never uses a word which is unnecessary, or which has not an appropriate meaning and object; but in the passage before us, he applies to *gold* the adjunct *yellow*,

which is wholly useless unless it is emphatic, and something more is meant than appears at first sight. That it is emphatic, and that something more is meant than appears at first sight, the reader will, I think, be satisfied, on a review of the whole simile. Eneas, whom Venus has adorned with a fine flowing head of hair, and an unusual brilliancy and beauty of countenance, is compared, first, to an ivory image to which the hands of the artist have given the highest degree of polish—the ivory representing the person of Eneas, and the polish the beauty super-added by Venus; and 2ndly, to a piece of wrought silver, or Parian marble, chased or framed in *yellow* gold—the silver or Parian marble being the resplendent face and bust of Eneas, and the *yellow circumference, or frame, of gold*, being *the profusion of yellow hair, in which his face and bust seemed to be, as it were, set.*

This interpretation of the passage (probable, even if there were no further evidence of Eneas's hair having been yellow, than is supplied by the passage itself, and by the universal sentiment of poetical antiquity, that yellow hair,



Or as when silver or the Parian stone  
 Is set in yellow gold, circumferent.  
 The queen he then accosts, and suddenly,  
 By all, says, unexpected :—" Whom ye seek, 715  
 Present behold ; Trojan Eneas, snatched  
 From the Libyan waves. O thou, who pitiest sole  
 Troy's toils infandous ; who, with us, of the Danaï  
 The leavings, us by every chance exhaust  
 Of sea and land, and needy of all things, 720  
 Sharest city and home, to pay thee worthy thanks  
 Excels our power, O Dido ; excels the power  
 Of all that now is of the Dardan race,  
 Over the great globe wheresoever scattered.  
 The Gods (if any Gods regard the pious, 725  
 If aught just anywhere), and thine own mind,  
 Conscious of right, reward thee worthily.  
 What so glad age produced thee ? What so great  
 Parents thee such engendered ? Whilst the river  
 Into the frith runs, whilst the mountain shadow 730  
 Lustrates the vale, whilst feeds the pole the stars,  
 So long for ever lasts thy name, praise, glory ;  
 (h) Me whatsoever lands call." Thus he said,

*flavi* crines, *flava* coma, was indispensable to beauty, whether male or female,) is strongly confirmed, I might almost say demonstratively proved, by the parallel simile in the fourth book, in which it cannot be doubted that Eneas's hair is compared to the yellow or golden hair, and even to the actual gold in the hair, of Apollo himself. *Qualis ubi.....Apollo.....fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat AURO*, En. iv, 143—148.

(h) V. 610.—*Quae me cunque, &c.* "Quocunque abiero, beneficii accepti memor ero." Heyne. "In iis terris in quibus consedero, ut perennis sit beneficii tui memoria efficiam." Wagner. Both which interpretations are erroneous, Eneas's nobler sentiment being, *no matter whither I may be called, no matter what becomes of me, your fame will last as long as the world itself*. The reader will also recognise in the words, *quae me cunque vocant*



And his friend Ilioneus with right hand sought,  
 Serestus with his left; the others then, 735  
 And the brave Gyas, and Cloanthus brave.

Astound Sidonian Dido, at first aspect,  
 Then at so great misfortune, of the man;  
 And spake:—"What destiny, O Goddess-born,  
 Pursues thee through such perils? to these shores 740  
 Immane, what force applies thee? That Eneas  
 Art, whom boon Venus to Anchises Dardan  
 Gendered by side of Phrygian Simois' wave?  
 Well I remember, when from bounds paternal  
 Teucer expelled, to Sidon came, new realms 745  
 By aid of Belus seeking; then my sire  
 Belus had harried, and with victor sway  
 Was holding fruitful Cyprus; from that time  
 Known to me Troy's misfortune, and thy name,  
 And the Pelasgian kings: himself, the foe, 750  
 Wont to extol with signal praise the Teuceri,  
 And from the old Teucrian stock traced fain his birth.  
 Come, therefore, young men, and our dwelling enter;  
 Me, too, through many a toil tost, a like fortune  
 Hath willed to sit down in this land at last; 755  
 To succour misery, mine own sorrows teach me."  
 She says, and in the fanes same time proclaiming  
 Rites divine, leads Eneas to the palace;  
 Nor to the crews the less sends to the shore  
 Bulls twenty, great-chined bristly boars a hundred, 760

*terrae*, (*vocant* being in the indicative, not the subjunctive mood,) a polite and graceful intimation, in answer to Dido's invitation (v. 572), that Eneas's duty leads him away from Carthage.



And, with their dams, a hundred fatted lambs,  
And gifts and joy of the inspiring God.

- (i) Splendid with regal luxury, the house  
Is laid out, in the interior, for the banquet;  
Art-labored cover-cloths superb of crimson; 765  
Huge silver on the board; and sires' exploits  
Gold carved, a long long story, from the old  
Birth of the nation, down through many a hero.

- Eneas, whose paternal love not suffered  
(k) His mind to rest, Achates sends before 770  
Swift to the ships, these tidings to announce  
Ascanius, and conduct him to the city;  
All the dear parent's care is in Ascanius:  
Gifts too from Troy's ruins snatched commands him bring,  
The palle with signs and gold stiff, and the wimple 775  
Round bordered with the bearsfoot's saffron flower;  
The adorn of Argive Helen; which she brought  
Out from Mycenae, when for Pergamus  
She bouned her, and illicit hymeneals;  
Of mother Leda gift admirable: 780  
The sceptre too which Ilione had borne,  
Eldest of Priam's daughters, and pearl necklace,  
And double coronet of gems and gold.

Achates to the ships his way was wending,  
These things to expedite; but Cytherea 785  
New arts revolves, new counsels in her breast;

(i) V. 637.—*Regali splendida luxu vastabat multâ caede.* See also note to *instruitur*. The structure is *splendida dirae ferro et compagibus arctis*, v. 293. *regali luxu*, not *instruitur regali luxu*; (k) V. 644.—*Praemittit. Prae—sciz.*, as in v. 471, *cruentus multâ caede*, not, *before the bearers of Dido's presents.*



How, changed in face and speaking, Cupid come  
 In place of sweet Ascanius ; with the gifts  
 Inflame to rage, the queen ; and implicate  
 Into her bones the fire. She dreads, be sure, 790  
 The ambiguous house, and Tyrians double-tongued ;  
 Atrocious Juno frets her, and her care  
 Returns anights ; therefore wing-bearing love  
 Thus she addresses :—" Son, who art alone  
 My strength and mighty power ; son, who contemnest  
 The darts Typhoean of the supreme Father,  
 To thee I flee, and suppliant beg thy God-aid.  
 How about every coast thy brother Eneas  
 Sea-tost, thou knowest, by unjust Juno's hate,  
 And with my grief hast oft grieved : him Phoenician  
 Dido possesses, and detains with soft words ;  
 And where this hospitality Junonian  
 May end, I fear ; she in so great a hinge  
 Will not be idle : to anticipate  
 In wiles, I meditate therefore, and with flame 805  
 Surround the queen, that by no God-power changed,  
 She to Eneas may with me be bound  
 In great love. Now, how this thou mayst effect,  
 My mind hear. At his dear sire's call, prepares  
 The royal boy, my chiefest care, to go 810  
 To the Sidonian city, bearing gifts,  
 Survivors of the sea, and flames of Troy.  
 On high Cythera or Idalium, him,  
 Entranced in sleep, I'll hide in sacred covert ;

(l) Lest by some means he learn, or in the midst 815

(l) V. 682.—*Ne qua scire dolos*, &c. Venus proposes so to dispose of Ascanius, that it may be impossible for him, either *knowingly* or *accidentally*, to in-



Come thwart, our artifice. Thou, for no more  
 Than one night, cheat his face, and, a boy, wear  
 The boy's known features; that, when to her bosom  
 Most joyous Dido takes thee, midst the royal  
 Tables, and cups Lyaeon; when she hugs thee, 820  
 And with sweet kisses prints, thou mayst instil  
 The occult fire and cheat her with the poison."  
 Love his dear mother's words obeys, and doffs  
 His wings, and in Iulus' step walks glad.  
 But Venus irrigates Ascanius' limbs 825  
 With placid sleep, and cherished in her bosom  
 The Goddess bears him to Idalia's high groves,  
 Where soft amaracus, upon him breathing  
 With flowers and sweet shade, wraps him in its embrace.

And now in guidance of Achates, glad 830  
 Cupid, obedient to the word, was wending,  
 And to the Tyrians bearing the gifts regal.  
 Already had the queen, when he arrived,  
 Beneath superb dais, on a golden sofa  
 Composed herself, and taken the mid seat; 835  
 And now the sire Eneas, Troy's youth now,  
 Assemble, and on crimson cover-cloths,  
 Several recline; domestics on the hands  
 Pour water, and the bread with salvers hasten,  
 And bring the towel's shorn nap: fifty maids 840

interrupt her plot. That this is the meaning is sufficiently evidenced: 1st —by the disjunctive *ve.* 2ndly—by the word *occurrere*, indicating an accidental, not an intentional interruption; and 3rdly—by the no less necessity which existed, of preventing the real Ascanius from *accidentally* appearing, than of *keeping him in ignorance of what was going on.*



In order long, within, the provand dress,  
 And the Penates fumigate with sweet flame.  
 A hundred others, and as many age-matched  
 Pages, the tables load, and set the cups.  
 Nor gather not the Tyrians, through the glad 845  
 Approaches frequent, and commanded take  
 On pictured tores their places of reclining,  
 Admire Eneas' gifts, admire Iulus,  
 And the God's flagrant face, and words of feigning,  
 The palle, and painted wimple's saffron bearsfoot. 850  
 Hapless Phoenissa most, the coming pest's  
 Devoted victim, cannot her mind fill full,  
 And, gazing, kindles, by the boy alike moved,  
 And gifts. He, from Eneas' neck and embrace  
 When he had hung; and of his feigned sire filled 855  
 The great love, seeks the queen. She, with her eyes,  
 Clings to him, and her whole heart; in her bosom  
 (m) Between whiles cuddles him; unconscious Dido  
 How great a God sits brood upon her wretched.  
 But he, of Acidalian mother mindful, 860  
 Sichaeus gradual begins obliterate,  
 And with a live love her long listless spirit  
 And heart's desuetude tries to prevert.

(m) V. 718.—*Inscia Dido, Insideat*  
*quantus miserae deus.* "That the word  
*Dido*, after *reginam* and *haec*, is clumsy,  
 and hath a bad effect, will be acknow-  
 ledged, I believe, by every poet. I  
 should rather thus: *Inscia quantus*,  
*Insideat quantus miserae Deus.*" Jor-  
 tin. Philol. Tracts. On the contrary,  
 the insertion of Dido's name in this  
 position not only gives additional

pathos to the passage, but is according  
 to Virgil's manner. *Donec regina sa-*  
*cerdos, Marte gravis geminam partu*  
*dabit Ilia prolem.* En. i, 273. See  
 also v. 496, and note. The proposed  
 repetition of *quantus* would have only  
 operated to withdraw the attention  
 from the principal personage, for the  
 purpose of fixing it on one which per-  
 forms only a secondary part.



After the feast's first pause, and trays removed,  
 They stablish the great beakers, and the wines crown ;  
 The din the house fills, and they roll their voices  
 Through the wide halls. Hang from the golden ceilings  
 Chandeliers burning ; and the flambeau's blaze  
 Conquers the night. Heavy with gems and gold,  
 The queen then calls for, and with pure, a cup fills, 870  
 Which Belus, and from Belus down, wont use ;  
 Then silence had :—" O Jupiter, for thou  
 (n) Art lord, they say, of hospitable rites,  
 Happy may this day to the Tyrians be,  
 And Trojan travellers ; and may our heirs 875  
 This day remember ; may joy-giving Bacchus  
 Be present, and good Juno ; and ye, Tyrians,  
 With favor the re-union celebrate."  
 She said, and on the board, libating, poured  
 The liquor's honor ; then the cup, with lips 880  
 Just touching first, to Bitias gave with chiding :  
 Nor slothful he the foam bowl quaffed, and drenched him  
 With the full gold ; the other nobles after.  
 To golden lyre, long-tressed Iopas sings  
 (o) The lore of greatest Atlas ; the moon devious 885  
 Sings, and sun's labors ; whence the race of men  
 And beasts ; the lightning whence, and whence the shower ;  
 Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,  
 And twin Triones ; why the winter suns

(n) V. 731.—*Dare jura*. See Note, i. 293.

(o) V. 741.—*Docuit quae maximus Atlas*. The calm and philosophical subject of Iopas's song contrasts finely with the subsequent romantic and exciting

narrative of Eneas. In this respect, as in so many others, Virgil has improved upon his master, who, making his minstrel sing, and his hero tell, similarly romantic stories, loses the advantage of contrast. See Odyss. books viii, ix.



(p) So haste to dip in ocean, or what let 890  
 Stands in the slow nights' way. Ingeminate  
 Plaudits the Tyrians, and the Trojans follow.

Nor hapless Dido not with various speech  
 The night protracted, and the long love drank ;  
 Much asking oft of Priam, much of Hector ; 895  
 Now, in what arms Aurora's son had come,  
 Now, Diomede's horses what like ; now, how great  
 Achilles :—"Nay ; come, guest, relate," she says,  
 (q) "The ambush of the Danaï from commencement ;  
 Thy friends' misfortunes ; and own wanderings 900  
 Now the seventh summer, o'er all lands and waves."

(p) V. 746.—*Quae tardis mora nocti-  
 bus obstet. Sciz., quin praecipitantes  
 coelo (see En. ii, 8) se quoque tingant  
 oceano.*

(q) V. 754.—*Dic.....nobis Insi-  
 dias.....Danaum. See En. ii, 65,  
 and note.*

## POSTSCRIPT.

After the note on *Huic conjux Si-  
 chaeus erat*, (v. 343,) was printed, I  
 was agreeably surprised to meet in  
 Shakspeare an account of a betrothing,  
 which, like that of Sichaeus and Dido,  
 had been universally understood to be  
 the account of an actual marriage, and  
 which continues up to the present day  
 to be so mistaken, notwithstanding the  
 clear demonstration of the error by  
 that highly accomplished commentator  
 of the "native wood-notes wild," Mr.  
 Francis Douce ; see his *Illustrations*  
*of Shakspeare*, 2 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1807.  
 The passage is in the Twelfth Night,

Act v, sc. 3, where Olivia says to the  
 priest :—

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
 Here to unfold, (though lately we intended  
 To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
 Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
 Hath newly past between this youth and me.

To which the priest answers :—

A contract of eternal bond of love,  
 Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
 Attested by the holy close of lips,  
 Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,  
 And all the ceremony of this compact  
 Sealed in my function, by my testimony.

These words which, at first sight,  
 seem to be the plain periphrasis of *matri-*



*mony* (how much more plainly so than Virgil's *Huic conjux Sichaeus erat, &c.!*) are yet shown by Mr. Douce, beyond the possibility of doubt, not merely to be descriptive of *betrothing*, but to contain the most precise and accurate enumeration of the several particulars of which that ceremony, as practised at the time, consisted, viz.: 1st—the contract; 2nd—the joining of hands (whence, perhaps, one reason for the term *jugârat*, used by Virgil); 3rd—the kiss; 4th—the *interchange* of rings; and 5th—the testimony. Mr. Douce gives us even the very terms of the oath administered by the priest to the betrothing parties:—"You swear by God and his holy saints herein, and by all the saints of Paradise, that you shall take this woman, whose name is N., to wife, within forty days, if holy church will permit." The priest then joined their hands, and said, "And thus you affiance yourselves." To which the parties answered, "Yes, sir." "They then," proceeds Mr. Douce, "received a suitable exhortation on the nature and design of mar-

riage, and an injunction to live piously and chastly until that event should take place; they were not permitted, at least by the church, to reside in the same house, *but were nevertheless regarded as man and wife* independently of the usual privileges; and this will account for Olivia's calling Cesario *husband*. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Claudio calls Julietta his *wife*, and says he got possession of her bed, upon a true *contract*; the Duke likewise, in addressing *Mariana*, who was *affianced* to Angelo, says, 'He is your *husband*, on a pre-contract,' &c.

To which observations I may, perhaps, be allowed to add, that what Claudio says respecting Julietta, is even more confirmatory of Mr. Douce's views, (and, therefore, of mine,) than has been perceived by Mr. Douce himself; for, as will appear on a reference to the passage, Claudio does not apply the term *wife* to his betrothed, in a figurative or poetical, but in a strict, sense, and insists that *the betrothing* is the real bond of union, and the marriage, a mere ceremony.

#### END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



# THE ENEIS.

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## BOOK II.

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ALL hushed and gazed intent, when thus the sire  
Eneas from the lofty tore began :—

(a)(b)(c) 'Thou bidst, O queen, revive a grief infandous.  
How by the Danaï Troy's strength o'erthrown,

(a) V. 3.—*Infandum, regina, jubes* &c. The received interpretation represents Eneas as saying, *jubes renovare dolorem*, (subaudito *jubens narrare*,) *ut eruerint*, &c. I consider this interpretation, and the punctuation founded on it, as wholly erroneous. First, because there is not a sufficiently obvious and natural connexion between *jubes renovare dolorem* and *ut eruerint*. Secondly, because the connexion sought to be established between these two sentences, by the supposed ellipsis of *jubens narrare*, is forced, and neither in conformity with the Latin idiom, nor with the lucid style of Virgil. Thirdly, because the formal restatement by Eneas, in his very first sen-

tence, of the particulars of the command he had received from Dido, resembles rather the exordium of a cold and practised rhetorician, than the commencement of a simple narrative, by a magnanimous prince, strongly excited by the recollection of the actual miseries he had seen and suffered. Fourthly, because it were selfish and egotistical in Eneas to dwell on his own grief, through so long a sentence as one beginning with *infandum* and ending with *fui*; especially as he returns almost immediately afterwards to the same subject, at the words *quanquam* &c.

I am, therefore, of opinion that Eneas's first sentence ends with the word *dolorem*; and that the words

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(b)(c) For these references, see next page.



And realm lamentable ; the harrowing

5

(d) Miseries I saw, and was myself great part ;

*Trojanas ut opes* commence a new sentence, depending not on the preceding *jubes*, but on the subsequent *fando* : the period should, therefore, be at *dolorem*, and the comma (or semicolon) at *fui* ; and the structure is, *Quis temperet a lacrymis fando talia* ; sciz., *Trojanas ut opes* &c. The first sentence is thus a brief and natural exclamation of emotion, produced by the ideas which crowded on Eneas's mind at the moment ; and he instantly, and with dignity, passes from his own emotion, and goes on to say, that not even a Myrmidon could relate so sorrowful a tale without tears. The beautiful connexion between *dolorem* and *lacrymis*, almost wholly lost as the passage is at present understood, is thus preserved, and forcibly presented to the mind. The precise word to be supplied before *ut eruerint* is, in conformity with the Latin idiom, and Virgil's perspicuous style, pointed out by the subsequent *talia* ; *Talia fando*, sciz., *fando ut eruerint*.

We almost see and hear Eneas, while, in the deepest emotion, with tears and faltering voice, he closes his first sentence at *dolorem* ; and then, after a short pause recovering himself, and commencing anew in the fine pathetic words, *Trojanas ut opes* &c., at once excites the sympathy of his hearers, and apologises for his own emotion, *Quis talia fando* &c.

I do not know whether other readers will agree in the opinion, but it certainly appears to me, that, independently of all other arguments, we might recognise a commencing sentence, in the very sound and rhythm and dignity of the words, *Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum*, &c.

(b) V. 3.—*Infandum....dolorem*. The translators (with the exception of

never even so much as attempt the true meaning of any of Virgil's words), agree in rendering *infandus*, *ineffable*, *that cannot be told* : “untellyble” (Douglas) ; “cannot be told” (Surrey) ; “past utterance severe” (Beresford) ; “unausprechlichen” (Voss) ; So also Forbiger, in his note on the passage ; “*Qui tantus est ut verbis exprimi non possit*.” A very slight observation, however, of Virgil's use of the word in other places, as for instance, En. i, 251 ; ii, 132 ; iv, 85 and 613, is sufficient to show that its meaning is not *ineffable* or *that cannot be told*, but primarily (and according to the proper force of the participle in *dus*) that *should not, must not be told*, and therefore, secondarily, *horrible*. So Richardson, in his excellent dictionary, “*Infandous* [Lat. *Infandus*], That ought not to be spoken ; too dreadful to be spoken.” And such is Howell's use of the word (quoted by Richardson). “This *infandous* custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately, more than any where else.” The wide difference between *infandous* and *ineffable* will be manifest on the substitution of *ineffable* for *infandous* in this sentence.

The Spanish and Italian translators have not fallen into this error.

La horrible historia y el dolor infando.  
Velasco.

Dogliosa istoria,  
E d'amara e d'orribil remembranza.  
Caro.

(c) V. 3.—*Infandum, regina, jubes* &c.

Poi cominciò : Tu vuoi ch' i' rinnovelli  
Disperato dolor che 'l cuor mi preme,  
Già pur pensando, pria ch' i' ne favelli.  
Dante, *Infer.* xxxiii, 4.

(d) V. 5.—*Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi*, &c. *Quaeque* is epexegetic and limitative ; the meaning of Eneas being, not that he will describe the



What Myrmidon or Dolops, could such theme  
Tearless discourse, or hard Ulysses' soldier?

taking of Troy, *and* the miseries he had himself witnessed, but that he will describe *so much* of the taking of Troy, and its miseries, *as* he had himself witnessed.

The view thus suggested by the grammatical structure of the introductory sentence, is confirmed by the narrative itself; for Eneas, having briefly mentioned the building of the wooden horse, and the concealment of the Grecian navy at Tenedos, immediately proceeds to say, that he was one of those who issued out of the gates rejoicing, as soon as the news of the departure of the Greeks was bruited abroad—that he saw the horse, and was present at the argument respecting what should be done with it—that he saw Laocoon fling his spear against it, and heard it sound hollow—that his attention was drawn off by the sudden appearance of Sinon, of the whole of whose story he was an ear-witness—that he was one of those who agreed to spare Sinon's life—that he saw the two serpents come across the sea, and destroy Laocoon and his two sons—that he assisted to break down the wall in order to admit the horse into the city—that Hector appeared to him in a dream, and informed him that the city was on fire and could not be saved; advised him to fly, and committed the Penates to his charge—that on awaking he saw, from the roof of the house, the city in flames—that, flying to arms, he met Pantheus, the priest of Apollo, escaping from the citadel, with his gods' images and the other sacred objects of his religion—that Pantheus informed him that armed men were pouring out of the horse, that Sinon was a traitor and had fired the city, and that the whole Grecian army was entering at the gates—that he united himself with a few friends whom he happened to

meet, and falling in with Androgeos, and a party of Greeks, they slew them every one, and clothed themselves with their spoils—that, thus disguised, they for a while carried terror and death every where, but at length, in attempting to rescue Cassandra from a party who were dragging her from the temple, were discovered to be Trojans, and attacked by the Greeks, while the Trojans, taking them for Greeks, overwhelmed them with missiles from the top of the temple—that, the greater number of his party having thus perished, he, with the small remainder, was attracted by the tumult to Priam's palace, from the roof of which he beheld the door forced, the building set on fire, the women and the aged king driven for shelter to an altar in an interior court, and the king himself slain at the altar in the blood of his son—that, his companions having leaped in despair to the ground, or given themselves up to the flames, he was left alone—that, descending and happening to see Helen where she was hiding, he was about to sacrifice her to the Manes of his country, when his arm was stayed by Venus, who commanded him to seek out his aged parent and his wife and child, and with them fly instantly from Troy; and who, at the same time taking off the veil which clouded his mortal vision, showed him the Gods actively and personally engaged in the destruction of the city—that, having returned to his father's house, he saw the encouraging omens of an apex of fire on the head of Iulus, and a star shooting in the direction of Ida—that he escaped out of the city bearing his father on his shoulders, and leading Iulus by the hand—that Creusa, following behind, was lost on the road—that, returning to seek her, he found his father's house filled with Greeks, and



And now from heaven precipitates dank night,  
And setting stars persuade sleep; yet so great

10

on fire — that, extending his search every where, he returned to the citadel, and saw Phenix and Ulysses guarding captives and booty in the temple of Juno—that, as he called aloud upon Creusa through the streets and houses, her shade presented itself, and informing him that she was provided for by the mother of the Gods, enjoined him to abandon all search for her, and proceed upon his divine mission to found a new empire in Hesperia, where another, and a royal, spouse awaited him—that accordingly he returned to the place, where he had concealed his father and son and domestics, and found there a great number of fugitives from the burning city, collected, and prepared to share his fortunes; and that with them and his father and son, he bade adieu for ever to Troy, and made good his retreat to the mountains.

Nothing can be plainer than that this is a mere *personal* narrative of one of the principal sufferers; every circumstance related, with the single exception of the concealment of the Grecian fleet at Tenedos, having been witnessed by the relator, or heard by him on the spot from Pantheus or Sinon. This is, I think, a sufficient answer to those critics, who have objected to Virgil's account of the taking of Troy, that it is by no means a full, complete, and strategical account of the taking of a great city; that many circumstances which may be supposed to have happened, and which indeed must have happened on such an occasion, have been either wholly omitted or left unexplained; and that, in short, Virgil, in his second book of the Eneis, has evinced his infinite inferiority in strategical science to his great prototype and master, Homer. Many such objections have been urged from time to

time by various critics; and, amongst others, by a celebrated personage, whose opinion on any matter connected with military tactics must be received with the greatest deference; I mean the Emperor Napoleon, whose observations on this subject are to be found in a volume published after his death under the following title: *Précis des Guerres de César, par Napoléon; écrit par M. Marchand, à l'île Sainte Hélène, sous la dictée de l'Empereur; suivi de plusieurs fragmens inédits.* Paris, 1836. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is not my intention to enter into a detailed examination or refutation of all Napoleon's objections (although I shall probably in the course of these notes have occasion to refer specially to more than one of them), but simply to state that the whole of his critique is founded on the assumption that Virgil intended to give, or ought to have given, such a full and complete account of the taking of Troy as was given by Homer of the operations before its walls; such an account as might have been given by an historian, or laid before a directory by a commander-in-chief. On the contrary, it is to be borne carefully in mind, that, Homer's subject being the misfortunes brought by the wrath of Achilles, upon the army besieging Troy, that poet could scarcely have given too particular or strategical an account of all that happened before the Trojan walls; while, Virgil's subject being the adventures and fortunes of one man, (as sufficiently evidenced by the very title and exordium of his work), the taking of Troy was to be treated of, only so far as connected with the personal history of that hero. Virgil, therefore, with his usual judgment, introduces the taking of Troy, not as a part of the action of his poem,



If thy desire, of our misfortunes' story  
To have acquaintance, and in brief to hear

but as an episode; and, still more effectually to prevent the attention from being too much drawn away from his hero, and too much fixed upon that great and spirit-stirring event, puts the account of it into the mouth of the hero himself, whom, with the most wonderful art, he represents either as a spectator or actor in so many of the incidents of that memorable night, that on the one hand the account of those incidents is the history of the adventures of his hero, and on the other the adventures of his hero form a rapid précis of the taking of Troy.

Even if it had been otherwise consistent with the plan of the Eneis to have given a full and complete account of the taking of Troy, and to have described, for instance, (as required by Napoleon,) how the other Trojan chiefs, signalised in the Iliad, were occupied during that fatal night, and how each defended his own quarter of the city with the troops under his command, such a full account must necessarily, either have rendered Eneas's narrative too long to have been delivered *inter mensas laticeumque Lyaeum*; or, to make room for that additional matter, some part of the present story should have been left out; and then, I ask, which of the incidents would the reader be satisfied should have been omitted?—that of Laocoon, the unceasing theme and admiration of all ages, that shuddering picture of a religious prodigy?—that of Sinon, on which the whole plot hangs?—that of the vision, of the inimitable *Tempus erat, the moestissimus Hector*?—that of the Priameian priestess, *Ad coelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, Lumina nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas*?—that of Neoptolemus blazing in burnished brass, *Qualis ubi in lucem coluber*?—

or Hecuba and her daughters flying to the sheltering altar, *Praecipites atrâ ceu tempestate columbae*?—or the good old king, cased in the long-unused armour, and slipping and slain in his Polites' blood?—or Venus staying her son's hand, lifted in vengeance against the fatal spring of all these sorrows?—or the innoxious flame which, playing about the temples of Iulus, foreshowed him the father of a line of kings?—or the *ter frustra comprehensa imago* of the for ever lost Creusa? Which of all these passages should have been omitted, to make room for the additional matter required by the imperial critic? What reader will consent to give up one, even one, of these most precious pearls, these conspicuous stars in, perhaps, the most brilliant coronet that ever graced a poet's brow? And even if the reader's assent were gained; if he were content with less of Eneas, and more of the other Homeric Trojans; with less of the romance, and more of the art, of war; would such an account have been equally interesting to the assembled guests and the love-caught queen? How coldly would a story in which Eneas played a subordinate part have fallen upon Dido's ear? How would not her thought have wandered from the thing told, to the teller? There was but one way to guard against the double danger, that Dido would forget the story in thinking of Eneas, and that the reader would forget Eneas in thinking of the story; and Virgil adopted that way—he made Eneas speak of himself—*quaeque ipse miserima vidi, Et quorum pars magna fui*. With what effect he spoke we learn in the beginning of the fourth book—*haerent infixi pectore vultus Verbaque*, and Dido herself testifies; *Heu, quibus ille Jactatus fatis! quae bella exhausta*



Troy's last toil, though my soul shuddering recoils  
(e) From that sad memory, I will essay.

*canebat!* Or in the words of another great master of the human heart,

His story being done,  
She gave him for his pains, a world of sighs :  
She swore—in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;  
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man ; she  
thanked him,  
And bade him if he had a friend that loved her,  
He should but teach him how to tell his story  
And that would woo her.

But let us suppose that the modern commander is right, and the great ancient poet and philosopher wrong : that the error lies not in Napoleon's total misconception not only of Virgil's general scope and design, but of his meaning in the plainest passages (as, for instance, in the account of the situation of Anchises' house, and of the number of men contained in the horse) ; let us suppose, I say, that the error lies not in Napoleon's misconception of the poet, but in the poet's ignorance of heroic warfare ; and that the episode does, indeed, sin against military tactique ; (but see note, v. 604) ; yet where, in the whole compass of poetry, is there such another episode ? so many heart-stirring incidents grouped together, representing in one vivid picture the fall of the most celebrated city in the world, and at the same time, and, *pari passu*, the fortunes of one of the most famous heroes of all antiquity, the son of Venus, the ancestor of Augustus, the first founder of Imperial Rome ? spoken, too, by the hero himself, at a magnificent banquet, and in the presence not only of the princes of his own nation, (the partners of his sufferings, and the witnesses of the truth of all he related), but of the whole Carthaginian court, and at the request of the young and artless queen, who, already admiring

his god-like person and beauty, lost her heart more and more at every word he uttered, at every turn of griefs, which,

so lively shown,  
Made her think upon her own.

Alas, alas, for the cold-blooded criticism which could detect, or, having detected, could dwell upon, errors of military tactique in this flood of living poetry ; which would chain the poet with the fetters of the historian ; which, frigid and unmoved, could occupy itself with the observation of cracks and flaws in the scenic plaster, while the most magnificent drama ever presented to enraptured audience was being enacted !

(e) V. 13.—*Incipiam*. I may perhaps be accused of drawing too nice a distinction, yet I am inclined to think that *incipiam* here means not to *begin*, but to *attempt* or *essay*.

1st.—Because although it might, strictly speaking, be quite correct for Virgil, having just stated (v. 2) that Eneas *began* to speak (*orsus*) with the words *Infandum, regina, jubes* &c., to cause Eneas almost instantly afterwards to say that he *began* his story with the words *Fracti bello* &c. ; yet it would be highly unpoetical, and evince a barrenness of thought and expression, quite foreign to Virgil.

2.—Because it is evidently the intention of Eneas not merely to *begin*, but briefly to tell the *whole* story.

3.—Because the very word *begin* involves the idea of a long story, and thus, however true in point of fact, contradicts the intention expressed by *breviter* (v. 11). I, therefore, understand *incipiam* to be here used as in En. x, 876, in its primary and etymological meaning of undertaking, attempting, essaying, [*in capio*] ; so understood, it harmonises with *orsus*,



- ‘ Warworn, by Fates repulsed, (and still away 15  
 (f) Years upon years are gliding), the Greek chiefs,  
 Of cloven pine strong-ribbed, a statued horse,  
 (g) With heaven-suggested art Palladian, build,  
 Huge as a mountain; for their safe return  
 Pretend it vowed, and spread that fame abroad; 20  
 (h) But in its sides’ dark den, chosen ambushers

with Eneas’s intention of telling the whole story, with *breviter*, and with the immediately preceding words, *Quanquam animus meminisse horret*, &c. *Beginnen*, the German root of our *begin*, means also *to essay, to attempt*; *Was wird er wieder beginnen? What will he essay next? Ein frevelhaftes Beginnen, An outrageous attempt.*

(f) V.14.—*Tot jam labentibus annis.* The translators refer *labentibus* to the dim and faded past, instead of the vivid and continuing present; for instance, Surrey;

All irked with the war,  
Wherein they wasted had so many years.  
And Phaer;

Whan all in vaine so many yeeres had past.  
Yet the present and continuing force of *labentibus* is doubly evident; because the verb *labor* expresses a continuing action, and the present participle a continuing time. It is this continuing sense (observed, with his usual acumen, by Wagner, Quest. Virg. xxix, 1), which constitutes the poetical beauty of the passage before us, as well as of Horace’s exquisite

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni.

Dryden, according to his custom, blinks the meaning altogether.

(g) V.15.—*Divinâ Palladis arte.* Of the deities favorable to the Greeks, Pallas is, with peculiar propriety, selected to instruct or assist them in building the horse; because, in the heathen mythology, every work of remarkable ingenuity (*e. g.* the building of the ship Argo. Valer. Flac. Argon. L. i; the construction of the first flute,

Mart. viii, 51,) was ascribed to Pallas, as the inventress of the arts.

(h) V. 18.—*Huc delecta virum &c.* Let not the too prosaic reader, interpreting this sentence according to its literal structure, suppose it to mean that, besides the *delecta virum corpora*, which were inclosed in the hollow sides of the horse, the vast caverns of its womb were filled with armed soldiers; or, in other words, that a considerable vacancy, remaining after the selected chiefs were inclosed, was filled up with a large body of common soldiers. On the contrary, the latter clause of the sentence is only explanatory of the former; *armato milite* informing us that the *delecta virum corpora* were armed warriors; *cavernas Ingentes uterumque*, that by *coeco lateri* was meant the whole interior cavity, or chamber, of the statue; and *complent* that the cavity was completely filled by the persons who were enclosed.

The correctness of this explanation cannot be doubted, 1st. Because it renders a passage, which, as commonly understood, is sufficiently prosaic and mediocre, highly poetical. 2ndly. Because it is according to Virgil’s usual habit (see notes to En. i, 496; ii, 51), of presenting in the first clause of his sentence no more than the sketch, or skeleton, of his idea, and then, in the subsequent clause, filling it up and clothing it with flesh and life; and 3rdly. Because, it afterwards appears (v. 260 *et seq.*) that the horse contained only nine persons.

I may add that I understand the



By lot they hide, and with their chivalry  
Fill the vast chamber of its cavernd womb.

‘ Lies within sight, the isle, much known by fame,  
Of Tenedos; wealthy and flourishing, 25  
While Priam’s strength endured; now but a bay,  
And roadstead faithless to the mariner.  
Hither they sail, and on the lonely coast  
Find hiding place; we doubt not they are gone,  
And for Mycenæ parted; her long griefs 30  
All Teucris straight forgets; her gates are flung  
Open; it joys us to go forth, and see  
Desert the Doric lines, vacant the shore;  
“Here pitched the Dolops, dread Achilles there;”  
(i) “This was the fleet-camp, that the battle-field.” 35

words *delecta virum sortiti corpora* to be equivalent to *delecta ipsorum sortiti corpora*, because *sortiti* is praedicated of *ductores Danaum*, and we find at v. 260 *et seq.* that the *delecta corpora* were of the number of those who were properly comprehended under the term *ductores Danaum*.

Error being fruitful of error, the received erroneous interpretation of this passage has produced the Emperor Napoleon’s erroneous criticism (see his essay quoted in Note on v. 5), that the wooden horse, containing so great a number of men, could not have been brought up to the walls of Troy in so short a space of time as is implied in the account given by Virgil. “En supposant” says the Emperor, “que ce cheval contient seulement cent guerriers, il devait être d’un poids énorme, et il n’est pas probable qu’il ait pu être mené du bord de la mer sous les murs d’Ilion en un jour, ayant surtout deux rivières à traverser.” The objec-

tion falls to the ground with the erroneous interpretation on which it is founded. See note, En. ii, 300.

(i) V. 30.—*Classibus hic locus*. In this passage Virgil, according to his custom, (see notes, En. i, 496; ii, 18 and 51,) presents us first (v. 27, 28) with the general idea, the deserted appearance of the places lately occupied by the Greeks; and then (v. 29, 30) supplies the particulars, in the words of the Trojans pointing out to each other the various localities.

The reader, however, must not be misled by the words *Classibus hic locus* to suppose that there was a place set apart for the ships. Innumerable passages in the Iliad, and especially the account of the battle at the ships, (Iliad, xiii), render it perfectly clear that, the ships being drawn up on the shore, the tents were erected beside and amongst them; the ships and tents of one nation forming one group, those of another nation another



The exitial gift of innupt Pallas some  
 Admire, astonished; the stupendous horse;  
 Which first Thymoetes, of a traitor's heart,  
 (k) Or so at last Troy's destinies o'erbore,  
 To draw within the walls exhorts, and high 40  
 Establish in the citadel: but some,  
 Wiser, with Capys, would precipitate  
 (l) Into the sea, or with subjected flame  
 Consume the Grecian gift's suspectful ambush,  
 Or, boring, probe the hidings of its womb. 45

'The uncertain crowd, 'twixt counsels opposite  
 Stand wavering, when, first before them all,  
 Down from the citadel's high top, Laocoon,  
 With no small companionment, impassioned runs,  
 And yet afar, "What madness this," exclaims, 50  
 "O miserable townsmen? credit ye  
 (m) The enemy departed? nor Greek guile

group, and those of a third nation a third group; and so on, along the entire line of shore occupied by the encampment. *Classibus* means therefore, not the ships, as *contra-distinguished* from the tents, but the ships taken together with their dependencies, the tents; or in other words it means the Grecian encampment, called *classes* by Virgil, and *ἀσπληνές* by Homer, from its most important, and, especially from a distance, most conspicuous part, the ships.

Not only Dryden, but many of the other translators, render *Classibus hic locus*, 'here the navy rode,' with what understanding of the Iliad, or of ancient naval expeditions, (see En. iii, 71; ix, 69, 70,) or of the Grecian encampment, and mode of warfare, at

Troy, and especially of the battle at the ships, let the reader judge.

(k) V. 34.—*Seu jam Trojae sic fata ferebant. Jam*; now at last, after so many years of obstinate defence.

(l) V. 37.—*Subjectisque urere flammis*. The advice of Capys consists of two alternatives; either to destroy the horse (by fire or water as they might prefer), or to explore its contents. The copulative *que* is used to connect together the two parts of which the first alternative consists. The English language does not admit of a similar structure.

(m) V. 43.—*Aut ulla putatis Dana carere dolis Danaum?* Admirably translated by Schiller:—

Ein griechisches Geschenk und kein Betrug verborgen?

Such masterly touches, promissory



Read in Greek gift? known to ye thus Ulysses?  
 Or in this wood enclosed, Achivi hide;  
 Or 'tis a gin contrived against our walls, 55  
 Our houses to espy, and from above  
 Come down upon the city; or there lurks  
 Some error; Trojans, credit not the horse;  
 I fear the Danaï, albeit gift-bearing."

(n) He said; and forceful hurled against the curved 60

(o) Compaginate, and side of the beast's belly,

of the future splendor of Schiller's genius, occur every now and then in his "Freie Uebersetzung" of the 2nd and 4th books of the Eneis; which is, however, on the whole, an inferior production, evincing not merely immaturity of poetical power, but a considerable want of perception of the delicacies of Virgil's expressions, and even some ignorance of the Latin language.

(n) V. 50.—*Validis ingentem viribus* &c. The great size of the spear, and the force with which it is hurled, are not matters of indifference, but absolutely necessary to the production, on the huge mass of which the horse consisted, of the considerable effect described by the words

Uteroque recusso,  
 Insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.

Of the five terms most frequently used by Virgil to express the casting of a spear, viz., *jacio*, *conjicio*, *torqueo*, *intorqueo*, and *contorqueo*, the two first are the weakest, and signify, *jacio*, simply *to throw*; *conjicio*, *to throw with the collected force of the individual*, which, however, needs not be great, for the term is applied v. 545, to Priam throwing his *imbelle telum sine ictu*. The three latter signify *to hurl*; *torqueo*, simply *to hurl*; *intorqueo*, *to hurl forcibly*; *contorqueo*, *with all the collected strength of a powerfully strong*

*man, con* when applied *in composition* to the act of *one*, being no less intensive than when applied to that of *a number of individuals*; in the former case, indicating that the act is the result of *the whole collected power of the one*, in the latter that it is the result of *the collected power of the several individuals concerned*.

*Impello*, although interpreted by Heyne in his gloss on En. i, v. 82, *intorqueo, immitto*, is neither there, nor any where else, used in that sense; but always in the sense of *pushing*; either *physically pushing*, as in the passage just quoted (see Note, En. i, 81; see also En. vii, 621; viii, 239; &c.); or *metaphorically pushing*, as En. i, 11 ii, 55, 520; &c.

(o) V. 51.—*In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum*. *In alvum* is not, as maintained by Thiel, and after him by Forbiger, *into the alvus*; 1st. Because there is much harshness in interpreting the *in* before *alvum*, so very differently from the *in* before *latus*, of which it is the mere repetition. 2ndly. Because the word *recusso*, v. 52, plainly implies that the interior of the horse was only *concussed*, not *perforated*. 3rdly. Because the expression *ferro foedare*, v. 55, almost expresses that the interior had not been previously *foedata ferro*. 4thly. Because the words *tergo intorserit*, v. 231, limit the



(p) Huge spear, that fixed and trembled : hollow sounded  
 The concussed womb, and through its caverns groaned.  
 Then, had the Fates and our own senselessness  
 Not gainsaid, our incited steel had foul 65  
 Dishonor wrought to the Argolic lay-wait :  
 Thou, Troy, hadst lived ; thou, Priam's high arx, stood firm.

‘ But see ! yon Dardan shepherds toward the king,  
 A stranger youth, with hands behind him bound,  
 Drag, shouting ; who, this stratagem to work, 70  
 (q) And Troy to the Achivi to betray,

lesion made by the *cuspis*, v. 230, to the *tergum*, a term never applied except to the exterior of the body. For all these reasons I reject Thiel's interpretation, and understanding (with Wagner) *que* to be taken epexegetically (see note, En. i, 496 ; ii, 18,) render the passage, *against that part of the side, which was the alvus or belly*. Thus the precise position of the wound is determined to have been in the hinder part of the side, corresponding to the cavity of the belly, not of the chest ; and in the lateral part of the belly, not the under part. Virgil chooses this position for the wound, with great propriety, because the portion of the horse's side corresponding to the belly, being much larger than that corresponding to the chest, not only afforded a better mark to Laocoon, but was precisely the part where the enclosed persons were principally situated.

(p) V. 53.—*Insonuere cavae, gemitumque dedere cavernae*. Not *cavae cavernae insonuere*, but *cavernae insonuere cavae* : *que* is epexegetic, and the meaning is, not that *the hollow caverns both sounded and groaned*, but that *the caverns sounded hollow, and their hollow sound was like a groan*. See note, ii, 552. The editors, not

understanding the structure, have omitted to place a comma at *cavae*.

(q) V. 60.—*Hoc ipsum ut strueret, Trojamque aperiret Achivis*. *Que* is here epexegetic, (see notes, En. i, 496 ; ii, 18) ; and the meaning is, *that he might effect this very thing, and so open a way for the Greeks into Troy ; aperiret* being taken not in the sense of opening a door, (‘and open Troy's gates unto the Greeks.’ Surrey), but in its equally usual sense, of opening a way or means, or clearing a passage, as En. x, 13 and 864. Accordingly Sinon *aperit Trojan Achivis*, 1st. *Struendo hoc ipsum*, sciz., by telling so plausible a story as to induce the Trojans to take both himself and the horse into the city ; and 2ndly. By letting his confederates out of the horse during the night. Virgil has not informed us whether it was Sinon himself, or some of those confederates, who actually opened the city gates ; and from this circumstance alone, (independently of the argument derivable from the more elegant structure and the more poetic meaning,) we might safely infer that Virgil did not use the word *aperiret* in the sense ascribed to it by Surrey.

As *open*, the corresponding English word, is subject to the very same am-



Had, in their path, himself unsought presented ;  
 Assured, and for the alternative prepared,  
 To overreach, or die not doubtful death.

Eager to see, Troy's youth from every side 75  
 Circumfused rush, and vie to mock the prisoner.

(r) "The ambush of the Danaï" now hear,

And from the single, learn the general crime.

For in mid-sight, confused, as there he stood,

(s) And helpless, and the Phrygian lances eyed round :—

"What land, alas ! shall refuge me," he says,

"Or sea ? or what resource now for a wretch,

To whom among the Danaï no place,

Whose forfeit life's-blood even the very Dardan

Incensed demands ?" Changed by that moan our spirit,

Repressed all onslaught ; we exhort him speak,

biguity as the Latin *aperio*, I have thought it better not to use it, lest I should lead my readers into the same error into which Virgil's own word has led so many readers of the original.

(r) V. 65.—*Danaum insidias*. These words are plainly repeated from Dido's request to Eneas. En. i, 754. I have, therefore, in my translation, placed them between inverted commas.

(s) V. 67.—*Inermis*. As *arma* means not merely *weapons*, whether *offensive* or *defensive*, but *all kinds and means of offence or defence*, so its compound *inermis* means not merely *without weapons*, but *without any means of offence or defence, helpless, defenceless*. The latter is the sense in which I think it is used in the passage before us, because, 1st. It is not to be supposed that Virgil, having told us that Sinon was a prisoner, with his hands bound behind his back, would think it necessary to inform us almost instantly afterwards, that he was *unarmed* or

*without weapons*. And 2ndly. Because, even if Sinon had not been bound, weapons could have been of no avail to him against the *agmina* by whom he was surrounded, and therefore the want of them made no real difference in his condition, and could not have been assigned, even by poetical implication, as a reason for his emotion or conduct. It is in this strong sense of *utterly without means of offence or defence*, and not in its literal sense of *weaponless*, that *inermis* is to be understood also in *Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes*, En. i, 487 ; because, although it might have contributed to the pathos of the picture, to have represented a young warrior's hands as stretched out *weaponless*, it could have had no such effect to have so represented the hands of Priam, who was so old as to be unable to wield weapons, and was equally *inermis*, (*helpless* and *defenceless*), whether he had arms in his hands or not. See En. ii, 509, 510, *et seq.*



His birth declare, and business, and what hope

For him a captive. From his fear at last,

(t) He says, recovered :—" All, whatso it be,

(t) V. 76.—*Depositâ tandem formidine*. I cannot agree with Heinsius and Brunck that this verse is objectionable, much less that it should be expunged, on the ground that it attributes *fear* to Sinon, whom Virgil but a few lines previously has represented as *fidens animi, atque paratus* &c. Neither do I plead in its defence, with Heyne and some other commentators, that Sinon first pretends to be agitated with fear (*turbatus*), and then pretends to lay his fear aside, "fingit Sinon et hoc, quasi deposuerit formidinem." Heyne. On the contrary I think that Virgil, having represented Sinon as entering upon the execution of his plot with boldness and confidence, represents him as really *turbatus, agitated and frightened*, when he comes to be actually confronted with the danger, and then as really recovering from his agitation when he finds that the immediate danger is over, and that the Trojans, instead of putting him to death instantly on the spot, are willing to hear what he has to say.

*Turbatus* means *really* agitated, and *depositâ formidine, really* recovering self-possession, because, 1st. If Virgil had intended to express by these words only simulated emotion, it cannot be doubted that he would have afforded some clue by which his intention might have been discovered; but he has not only not afforded any such clue, but has actually assigned sufficient cause for real emotion; Sinon is *turbatus*, because he stands *inermis* in the midst of the *Phrygia agmina*; and, *depositâ formidine, fatur*, because *conversi animi, compressus et omnis Impetus*. 2ndly. If the words mean only simulated emotion, then Virgil represents Sinon as of such heroic constancy and resolution as to look upon instant

violent death without blenching; which is to hold him up, for so far at least, as an object of respect, and even of admiration, to Eneas's hearers as well as to Virgil's readers, and thus to contradict the intention (evidenced by the terms *dolis, arte, insidiis, crimine, scelerum tantorum, perjuri*), of representing him as a mean-minded man entering upon a dishonorable and dangerous enterprise, with an audacious confidence (*fidens animi, atque paratus* &c.), in his own cunning and duplicity. 3rdly. It is altogether unlikely that Virgil should here employ to express *simulated*, the very same words which he employs En. iii, 612, in a similar context and similar circumstances, to express *real* emotion. 4thly. There is a perfect harmony between *fidens animi, atque paratus* &c., and *turbatus* understood to mean *real* agitation, because a man may enter upon a dangerous undertaking with confidence and even with courage (which latter quality however, it will be observed, is not expressed either by *fidens animi*, or *paratus* &c.) and yet quail before the instant, imminent danger, as exquisitely shown by Homer in his most natural and touching account of Hector's flight before Achilles: how much more then the wretch Sinon! 5thly. *Turbatus* means *real*, not *simulated* agitation, because *real* agitation was more likely to move the Trojans to pity than any *simulation* of it. Virgil, therefore, taking the most effectual method of moving the hearts of the Trojans, and recollecting perhaps the advice of his friend Horace, Si vis me flere, primum flendum est ipsi tibi, presents Sinon to them in a state of real agitation, pleading for his life with all the eloquence of unaffected fear. So Davos, (Ter. And. 4, 5) instead of acquainting



Truly to thee, O king, I will confess,  
Nor of Argolic nation will deny me ;

90

Mysis with his plot, and instructing her what answers she should give to Chremes, prefers to place her in such a situation, that, speaking the truth, and in entire ignorance of his design, her answers must yet of necessity be the very answers which he desired; and when Mysis afterwards inquires why he had not schooled her as to his intentions, replies, *Paullum interesse censens ex animo omnia ut fert natura facias, an de industriâ?* It was inconsistent with Virgil's plot, to make Sinon speak the truth, but he could with perfect consistency, and therefore did, represent him as actuated by real emotion; which *real* emotion is in express terms contrasted with his *false* words at v. 107, *Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur.*

The reader will, however, observe that Virgil, always judicious, carefully avoids ascribing extreme fear or agitation to Sinon; he is *turbatus* (*agitated*), *pavitans* (*trembling*), but he does not, like Dolon, his undoubted original, become *Χλωρος ὑπαι δειεας*, nor do his teeth chatter, *αραβος δε δια στομα γινει οδοντων*. Such extreme degree of terror, although beautifully consistent with the simple undisguised confession of Dolon, would have been wholly incompatible with the cunning and intricate web, which Sinon, almost from the first moment he opens his mouth, begins to wrap round the Trojans. It is therefore with the strictest propriety and observance of nature that Virgil represents Sinon, at first bold and confident; then disconcerted and agitated at the prospect of immediate death; then reassured by the encouragement he received; then again losing confidence when the Trojans manifest the vehement impatience expressed by the words *Tum vero ardemus scitari* &c., and, with renewed fear and trembling

(*pavitans*), pursuing his feigned narrative; and then, finally, when he had received an absolute promise of personal safety, going on, without further fear or hesitation, to reveal the pretended secret of his compatriots.

Throughout the whole story the reader must never forget that, although it was Virgil's ultimate object to deceive the Trojans, by means of Sinon, with respect to the horse, yet he had another object also to effect, (prior in point of time, and not less important than his ultimate object, because absolutely indispensable to the attainment of that ultimate object,) viz., to save Sinon's life, or, in other words, to assign to his reader sufficiently probable and natural reasons why the Trojans did actually spare his life, and did not, as might have been expected, execute such summary judgment upon him as Diomedes and Ulysses executed upon Dolon under similar circumstances. Accordingly, the first words which he puts into the mouth of Sinon are a thrilling exclamation of despair, a piteous cry for mercy, *Heu! quae nunc tellus, &c.* This has the effect of staying the uplifted sword, of averting the first and instant danger, *compressus et omnis Impetus*; they encourage him to speak, to tell who he is, and why he should not meet the captive's doom; Sinon respires, recovers his self-possession, and endeavoring to make good his ground, and strengthen the favorable impression produced by his first words, says, that he was the friend of that Palamedes, of whose unjust condemnation and death they might have heard, and the principal cause of which was the opposition given by him to the undertaking of the war against Troy; and that he had not, like the other Greeks, come to the war out of hostility to the Trojans, or



(u) This first: for, what though Fortune made him wretched,  
Her power malign into a babbling liar

even voluntarily, but had, when a mere boy (and, therefore, irresponsible), been sent by his father, who was so poor as not otherwise to be able to provide for his son. He then enters upon an account of his quarrel with, and persecution by, Ulysses, their most dreaded and implacable enemy; but, perceiving that they begin to take an interest in what he is saying, suddenly stops short, and artfully begs of them to put him out of pain at once, as he knew that, no matter how great or undeserved his sufferings had been, they could have no pity or forgiveness for one, who was guilty of the crime of being a Greek. The Trojan curiosity is inflamed, and they insist to know the sequel. He proceeds *pavitans*, (whether because he had not yet entirely recovered from his first alarm, or whether alarmed afresh by the vehemence and impatience of the Trojans, or whether from both these causes conjointly,) and relates how, by the villainous concert of the priest Calchas with Ulysses, he was selected to be offered up as a victim to appease the offended Gods; how he escaped from the altar, and lay hid during the night (the preceding night,) in a morass; and then lamenting that his escape from death by the hands of the Greeks had only led him to death by the hands of the Trojans, and that he was never more to see his country, home, or relatives, concludes with a pathetic adjuration, in the name of the Gods above, and of inviolable faith, that they would yet pity such unexampled, such undeserved misery, and spare his life. His tears, his agony of fear, the plausibility of his story, their sympathy with the object of the hatred and persecution of the Greeks and of

Ulysses, prevail; they grant him his life; and so closes the first act of the interlude of Sinon.

In nothing is the admirable judgment of Virgil more remarkable than in the skill, with which he has all this while kept the wooden horse, as it were, in abeyance. No act has been done, no word uttered, which could excite in the Trojan mind, or in the mind of the reader, ignorant of the sequel, the slightest suspicion that Sinon has any thing whatsoever to do with the horse, or the horse with Sinon. So careful is the poet to avoid every, even the slightest, ground for a suspicion, which would have been fatal to the entire plot, that it is from a distance, and by the agency of the Trojans themselves, that he brings Sinon into the vicinage of the horse; and that, in the whole course of the long history which Sinon gives of himself, and which the reader will observe is now concluded, the horse is never so much as mentioned, or even alluded to, except once, and then so artfully, (as it were only for the purpose of fixing a date,) that the mention which is made, while it stimulates the Trojans to question him on the subject, seems less remarkable than absolute silence would have been, inasmuch as it proves that Sinon does not *de industriâ* eschew all notice of an object, which must have attracted his attention, and of the purport of which he could not but be supposed to have some knowledge.

In the second act of the interlude, or that part which commences with v. 152, we find Sinon totally changed; "now more bold, The tempter..... New part puts on;" his life secure, guaranteed by the King himself, he is no longer the abject, cringing, hesi-

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(u) For this reference see next page.



Shall not mould Sinon. To thine ear, perhaps,

In converse hath the name of Palamede 95

Belides reached, and wide fame-bruited glory ;

(x)(y) Whom the Pelasgi, when a false cry rose

tating, trembling wretch, but the successful and exulting villain. He loudly and boldly invokes the Gods to witness his abjuration of the Greeks and acceptance of the Trojan covenant, and makes his revelation of the important secret which is to be the rich reward of the Trojan clemency, not, as he had pleaded for his life, in broken passages, leaving off at one place and commencing at another, but *uno tenore*, explaining, in uninterrupted sequence, the absence of the Greeks ; their intended return ; the object for which they built the horse ; and why they built it of so large dimensions ; the evil consequences to the Trojans if they offered it any injury, and to the Greeks if it were received into the city, &c. ; the impostor is fully credited, the generous, unwary, and fate-devoted Trojans are caught in the toils so delicately woven and so noiselessly drawn around them, and the curtain falls.

If the reader happen to be one of those critics, who think the story of the wooden horse deficient in verisimilitude, he will receive with the greater favor an interpretation which tends to increase the verisimilitude, by representing the falsehood and cunning of Sinon as united, not with that quality with which falsehood and cunning are so inconsistent, and so rarely united, heroic fortitude, but with their very compatible and nearly allied quality, audacity.

It is impossible to leave this subject without remarking how favorably to Trojan faith and generosity, (as might be expected, Virgil being the *poeta* and Eneas the narrator,) the conduct of the

Trojans towards Sinon contrasts with that of the Greeks towards Dolon. Ulysses and Diomedes encourage Dolon, and tell him not to think of death, on which ambiguous pledge he tells the whole truth ; they reward him by coolly cutting off his head, as the last word of his revelation passes his lips ; Sinon tells the Trojans a tissue of lies, and not only has his life spared, but is treated with kindness and hospitality.

(u) V. 79.—*Fortuna.....finxit..... improba finget.* See note, En. ii, 552.

(x) V. 83.—*Falsâ sub proditiōe Pelasgi.* “*Falsâ sub proditiōe ;* h. e. *sub falso crimine proditiōis ;*” Servius : followed by Heyne, and all the other commentators and translators. To this interpretation I object,

1st. That no authority has been adduced, to show that *proditiō* may be used for *crimen proditiōis* ; the *act* committed, for the *charge* founded upon the commission of the act.

2ndly. That if Virgil had intended to say that the Pelasgi had condemned Palamedes, *on* or *by means of* a false charge of treason, he would more probably have used the words *falsâ proditiōe*, in the same manner as *infando indicio*, without a preposition ; or if he had used a preposition, it would have been *per*, not *sub*.

3rdly. That Virgil could scarcely have been guilty of the fade tautology, *falsâ, insontem*.

4thly. That this interpretation represents the whole Greek nation at Troy (“Pelasgi”) as conspiring against Palamedes ; which is (a) contrary to all verisimilitude ; (b) deprives *infando*

(y) For this reference see next page.



Of treason, on infandous informations,  
To bloody death (because he forbade war,)

*indicio* of its force; because, if all were conspiring against Palamedes, it was of small consequence how "infandous" the information or informer was, or, indeed, whether there were any information or informer at all; and (c) contradicts the statement (v. 90), that it was through the machinations of Ulysses that Palamedes' condemnation was accomplished.

Rejecting, for all these reasons, the received interpretation, I render *falsâ sub proditione, during, or at the time of, a false or feigned treason*; i. e., when there was an alarm (whether of accidental or concerted origin it matters not,) of treason in the Grecian camp. The words being so interpreted, the meaning of the passage is, not that the Pelasgi brought a *false* charge of treason against Palamedes, and condemned him, although *innocent*; but that the Pelasgi condemned Palamedes on an infandous information, which, being brought against him *at a time when there was an alarm of treason in the camp*, was on that account the more readily credited. In support of this interpretation, I beg to observe,

1st. That it restores to *proditio* its simple, grammatical signification.

2ndly. That the use of *sub* in the sense of *during, or at the time of*, is familiar to every scholar: thus *sub nocte*; *sub somno*; *sub profectio*; *sub adventu*, &c. Livy (xxvi, 16) has even joined *sub* to the close cognate of *proditio, deditio*, only putting *deditio* in the accusative, because he wishes to express, not the *precise time*, but, *about the time* of the *deditio*.

3rdly. That, this interpretation being adopted, *insons* is no longer a tautology of *falsâ*; the latter expressing only the falsehood of the general rumour of

treason, not of the particular charge brought against Palamedes.

4thly. That this interpretation represents the Pelasgi, not, unnaturally, in the triple character of conspirators, accusers, and judges, but, naturally, in the single character of judges, prevailed upon partly by the prevalent alarm of treason, and partly by the offence they had taken against Palamedes, *quia bella vetabat*, to give credit to an infandous information against him.

5thly. That a greater degree of verisimilitude is thus conferred on the words *nunc cassum lumine lugent*, because it is more probable that the Pelasgi would lament Palamedes, (as soon as experience had taught them the groundlessness of their dislike to him on account of his opposition to the war,) if they had themselves been deluded into convicting him, on an *infandum indicium*, than that they would, under any circumstances, lament him, if their hatred to him had been so great as to induce them to convict him on a charge, which they not only knew to be false, but of which they were themselves the concoctors.

(y) V. 83.—*Quem falsâ* &c. The word used here (*quem*, not *illum*) sufficiently shows that Sinon has not yet begun to give any new information to the Trojans, but is employed, as far as the word *neci*, in recalling to their recollection facts, with which he knew they were perfectly well acquainted ("incipit a veris." Servius). The words *nunc cassum lumine lugent* (see next note), are thrown in parenthetically between the exordium in which he thus reminds them of known facts, and the new information which he begins to convey at v. 86. *Illi me comitem* &c.

Hence a plain reason why Sinon does not specify the precise charge made



- (z) Guiltless demitted, and now, un-dayed, mourn ; 100  
 Hither, of that Belide to be confrere,  
 Me, his blood-relative, a pauper sire,
- (a)(b) To arms, from earliest youth sent : while with unshent  
 Sceptre he florished, and mid councilled kings sate,  
 We too achieved some touch of name and honor ; 105  
 But, victim to Ulysses' cozening malice,  
 (Known facts I tell,) from this supernal world
- (c) When he departed, I, with shattered fortunes,  
 My days in darkness and in sorrow dragged,  
 And chafed, indignant, o'er my guiltless friend's fall :  
 Nor kept my folly silence, but revenge,  
 If chance should favor, menaced, and to native  
 Argos victorious if I should return
- (d) Ever ; and asperous hatred stirred with words.  
 Hence my first blight of ill ; Ulysses hence 115

against Palamedes, his object being not to give a history of that individual, but merely to recall to the mind of the Trojans what they already knew respecting him.

(z) V. 85.—*Nunc cassum lumine lugent.* They now (sciz. convinced by experience that it was unwise to have undertaken the war, see v. 108) lament the loss of the prudent counsellor, qui bella vetabat. But this is not the sole force of these words ; they serve also to excite the Trojan sympathy, first and directly for Palamedes (not only innocent, but lamented even by his executioners) ; and, 2ndly and indirectly, for his friend and companion, Sinon, *afflictus* (see v. 92, and note) by his fall ; like him, persecuted to the death by the same Ulysses ; and (by implication,) like him innocent.

(a) V. 87.—*In arma.* “*In arma* : h.e.

*ad bellum.*” Heyne. I think the meaning is rather *to the profession of arms ; to seek a military fortune.*

(b) V. 87.—*Primis ... ab annis.* See Note, En. ii, 138.

(c) V. 92.—*Afflictus.* *Afflictus* ; not sorrowful, for that meaning is contained in *luctu*, in the same line ; but *dashed to the ground ; beaten down from his prosperity*, sciz. by the death of his friend and patron. It is used in this, its primitive sense, on the only other occasion on which Virgil has used the word, En. i, 452 : also by Milton, *Par. Lost*, i, 186, *afflicted powers* ; and ii, 166, *afflicting thunder*.

(d) V. 96.—*Et verbis odia aspera movi.* *Et* is epexegetic, and *verbis* the words in which *promisit se ultorem* ; as if Virgil had written *et movi odia aspera verbis, quibus me promisi ultorem* ; or *me promittens ultorem*.



To affright with charges new, amidst the crowd  
 To scatter words ambiguous, and, of privy  
 (e) Conscience, to seek war-weapons, ceased not, till  
 By aid of Calchas—but an ingrate tale  
 Why to no good revolve, or wherefore dally? 120  
 If ye esteem Achivi all alike,  
 And that bare word sufficient, to the pain  
 At once; 'twere Ithacus' wish, and by the Atridae  
 (f) Were bought at great price." Then indeed on fire,  
 We put him questions, and the causes seek, 125

(e) V. 99. — *Et quaerere conscius arma*. Wagner's interpretation of these words, sciz. that they are a poetical equivalent for "*quaerere conscios*," seems to me to be particularly unfortunate,

1st. Because Virgil was too good a painter of character, to represent the cautious, cunning, Ulysses as going about in search of a number of persons, to whom to communicate his designs against Sinon.

2ndly. Because the immediately preceding words, "*Criminibus terrere novis*, and *spargere voces*, describe Ulysses as proceeding against Sinon by methods, which not only did not require the privacy of a number of persons, but were likely to be successful in proportion as their secret object was kept confined to Ulysses' own bosom.

3rdly. Because the extraordinary violence, which this interpretation puts upon the words, is not so much as attempted to be supported even by a single authority.

I therefore understand *et quaerere arma* to be epexegetic of the preceding sentence; and the *arms* (of offence and defence), which Ulysses sought (*quaerebat*) against Sinon, to be the *crimina nova*, and the *voces ambiguas*. This explanation accords both with Virgil's usual manner (see notes, En. i, 496;

ii, 18 and 51), and with the ordinary meaning of the terms *quaerere arma*. See En. xi, 229.

*Conscius*, therefore, is not *conspiring with others*, but simply, as En. ii, 267, *conscious*; sciz. of his own secret design, uncommunicated as yet even to Calchas.

(f) V. 105.—*Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas*. That this is the common hyperbaton, *ardemus scitari et quaerere causas*, for *ardentes scitamus et quaerimus causas*, is proved by the necessity which exists for some expression, not merely that they *desired* to question him but that they actually *did* question him. The received interpretation leaves the sense incomplete.

*Ardemus*. The force of the verb *ardere* is infinitely more intense than that of its English derivatives; which, having first lost their literal, have at last, as a consequence, almost wholly lost even their metaphorical sense. The Latin word, on the contrary, where it is not literal, is fully metaphorical. "*Tantum est flumen verborum, tam integrae sententiae, ut mihi non solum tu incendere judicem, sed ipse ardere videaris.*" Cicer. de Orat. lib. 3, c. 45. "*Tantâ iracundiâ incitatus est ut arderet.*" Argum. ad Terent. Adelph.



Unskilled of crimes so great and art Pelasgian :

(g) He pursues, trembling ; and, with feigned breast, says :

“ Oft had the Danaï desired to flee,

And wearied leave Troy and this tedious battle ;

(h) And would they had ! Oft shut them in, the sea’s 130

Rough winter ; and their outset Auster frightened :

Nor least, of maple beam context when stood

Just now this horse completed, storm-clouds pealed

Over the whole sky. Suspense we despatch

To Phoebus’ oracle, Eurypylus ;

135

Who from the shrine reports these words of sorrow :—

‘ With blood of virgin slain the winds ye atoned,

To Ilian coast when first ye came, O Danaï ;

With blood win your return, and sacrifice

Of life Argolic.’ To the popular ear

140

When this voice reached, astounded were all spirits,

And a cold tremor through the inmost bones ran,

(i) Fate for whom ready ? whom Apollo calls ?

Here Ithacus into the assembled midst

Soothsaying Calchas drags, with rout and noise,

145

And the intendment asks, importunate,

Of that oracular forthshadowing ;

While the artsman’s cruel warpings, and my doom,

With dumb presentiment on-lookers read.

(g) V. 107. — *Prosequitur pavitans*, &c. See note, En. ii, 76.

(h) V. 110. — *Saepe illos aspera ponti Interclusit hiems, et terruit Auster euntes*. *Interclusit* operates only on *illos* ; *terrui* both on *illos* and *euntes*. *Interclusit illos*, shut them in, rendered it impossible for them even to attempt to go ; *terrui euntes*, terrified (deterred)

them when actually beginning to go. See Note, En. ii, 552.

(i) V. 121. — *Cui fata parent*. The meaning is not *cui illi parent fata*, because no suspicion of foul play had yet arisen ; but (as rightly interpreted by Heyne), “ *cui fata parent id, ut, ejus anima, litetur*.”



Twice five days he is silent ; close, refuses 150  
 That voice of his should any one denounce,  
 Or to death offer ; hardly at the last,  
 Compelled by Ithacus' great clamors, speaks out  
 As pre-concerted, and me points for the altar :  
 They all assent, and on one wretch devolve 155  
 The ruin, for himself which each had feared.

- (k) "The infandous day has come ; the rites are ready ;  
 The salted meal, the tiar that bound my temples ;  
 From death, I not deny, I snatched myself,  
 And burst my bonds. In oozy morass sedge 160  
 Hidden all night I lay, till they should sail,  
 If haply sail they would. And now no more  
 (l) Old fatherland I see, or the sweet children ;

(k) V. 132.—*Infanda*. See note second, En. ii, 3.

(l) V. 138.—*Nec dulces gnatos exoptatumque parentem*. The commentators have always found an insuperable difficulty in this passage. "How," say they, "is it possible to reconcile what Sinon here says, of having children at home, with what he formerly told us (v. 87), of his having been sent to the war, by his father, when a mere boy?" In order to get rid of the difficulty, Heyne (who is followed by Wagner, Wunderlich, Forbiger, and Thiel) understands *primis ab annis* (v. 87) to mean *ab initio belli* ; but this interpretation is inadmissible,

1st. Because no authority whatever has been adduced in its support, while, on the contrary, there is the authority not only of Ovid, (*tu comes antiquus, tu primis junctus ab annis*, Ex. Ponto, 2, 5, 43), but of Virgil himself, against it (*primis et te miretur ab annis*. En. viii, 517).

2ndly. Because it deprives Sinon's story of its chief pathos ; a pathos so necessary to the attainment of his primary object, that of exciting such pity in the breasts of the Trojans as would induce them to spare his life, and, therefore, so necessary to the success of his plot.

3rdly. Because it takes away from Sinon his best excuse to the Trojans for having taken up arms against them, viz., that he had done so in pursuance of a child's duty of obedience to his parent.

4thly. Because Sinon's informing the Trojans, that he had been at the war from the beginning, could serve no other purpose than that of exasperating them the more against him.

How then is the difficulty to be got rid of? I answer, simply by referring *gnatos* not to Sinon, but to *parentem*, and by translating the passage, not *my children and my parent*, but *the children and the parent*, meaning, *Sinon's*



Or him, the wretchedest longing of my heart,  
 Their and my parent, upon whom will fall  
 My punishment, whose miserable blood  
 My flight's enormity will expiate.  
 But by the Gods above, who see and judge  
 The right, I adjure thee ; by inviolate faith,

165

*brothers and sisters, and his and their parent.* All difficulty is thus removed, and Virgil's consistency vindicated.

There is a precisely similar use of *gnatum* En. iv, 605, where *gnatumque patremque* does not mean *my son and my father*, but *the son and the father*, h.e. *the son and his father*. So, also, En. vi, 116, *gnatique patrisque*; *the son and the father*, the son being the speaker himself. Also, En. viii, 308, *rex.....Eneam.....gnatumque tenebat*—The King kept Eneas and the son, meaning, not his own son, but Eneas's son. See, also, En. ii, 663. Numerous other instances also might be adduced, in which *gnatus* is thus referred not to the speaker, but to its correlative *parens*, or *pater*, or *mater*, expressed. I am aware that it has, on a similar occasion, been suggested by Forbiger (note to v. 178), “*Virgilium hanc fictam Sinon's narrationem consulto ita composuisse, ut homo iste sibi ipse contradiceret, aut ambigua et obscura proferret;*” but this is a suggestion from which I must wholly dissent, because it is evident that in proportion as Virgil made the story obscure, or inconsistent with itself, it was the less likely to obtain credence with the Trojans; to which if it be replied, that Virgil, as *Poeta*, had it in his power to represent the Trojans as crediting whatever story he thought proper, I answer, that to represent the Trojans so void of acumen as to credit an unlikely, ambiguous, and, above all, a contradictory story, is to diminish our respect for, and sympathy with, not only the Trojans, but Eneas himself,

and thus to contradict the whole scope and design of the poem. And further, I think that the more carefully the story is examined, the more evident does it appear, that Virgil has taken the greatest and most successful pains to fabricate a story for Sinon, which is so consistent with itself, and so extremely like the truth, that it was hardly possible for the Trojans not to be deceived by it.

With the strictest observance of the well-known fact, that a scene (whether of things or persons), from which we have been long absent, presents itself to our minds exactly as we were accustomed to see it, and not as it exists now, changed by the time which has since elapsed, Virgil represents the picture present in Sinon's mind, to be that of the children, children as he left them so many years ago, and not that of the children now grown up to be adults.

As a further argument in favor of the above interpretation, I may observe, that it relieves the passage from the manifest awkwardness of the non-mention of Sinon's wife, or of his ever having been married. In the parallel passage, quoted by Ursini (Virg. collat. cum Graecis scriptoribus), from Lucretius, in which *gnati* has the meaning attempted to be fixed on it in the passage before us, there is no such awkwardness, mention being made of the wife along with the children—

Nam jam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor  
 Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula gnati  
 Praeripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent.

Lucr. iii, 907.



If upon earth inviolate faith yet dwell, 170  
 Pity my sorrow's misery ; a mind  
 Pity, enduring ills unmerited."

' We grant his tears his life, and from our hearts  
 Pity : and Priam first, his tight hand-gyves  
 Bidding to loose, in amity thus speaks :— 175  
 " Whoe'er thou art, forget henceforth the lost Greeks  
 (m) (Thou shalt be ours), and answer truly why  
 Built this steed's bulk immane ? the adviser who ?  
 The aim ? religious, or machine of war ?"  
 Instruct with wiles, the wretch, and art Pelasgian, 180  
 His chain-loosed palms toward heaven uplift, and cried :—  
 " Ye fires eternal, witness, and your godhead  
 Inviolable ; ye infandous altars  
 And knives which I have scaped ; ye too, which bound  
 My victim-brows, god-fillets, witness ye, 185  
 Crimeless I break the sacred Graian sanctions ;  
 Crimeless the Greek hate, to the winds his secrets  
 Publish, and of my country's laws absolved stand :  
 Only be stedfast to thy promise, Troy,  
 And me thy saviour save, if sooth my words, 190  
 And if with ample guerdon I repay.

" Ever in Pallas' aid the Danaï  
 Placed their whole hope ; in her their confidence  
 Still dwelt of happy issue to this war ;

(m) V. 149.—*Mihique haec edissere.* *Que* connects *edissere*, not to its unlike, *eris* ; but to its like, *obliviscere*. *Noster eris* is thrown in parenthetically, in order to induce Sinon to comply with the double exhortation, *obliviscere, edissere*. Instead, therefore, of the semicolon, which all the editors have placed at *Graios*, there should be only a comma.



But from what time blasphemous Diomedes, 195  
 And Ithacus, excogitator still  
 Of villainies, emprising from devote fane  
 To tear the weird Palladium, slew the guards  
 Of the upmost citadel, and carried off  
 The sacred image, nor with bloody hands 200  
 Not dared to touch the goddess' virgin tiar,  
 (n) Thawed from that day and backward lapsed the firm  
 Hope of the Danaï; broken their strength;  
 Averse the Goddess' mind; nor by portents  
 Doubtful, Tritonia to that import spake; 205  
 Scarce placed in camp the image, when its stared eyes  
 Kindled with bickering flame, its limbs salt sweat  
 Trickled, and thrice (miraculous!) she sprang  
 Up from the ground with targe and trembling spear.  
 Instant with homeward flight to attempt the sea 210  
 Calchas vaticinates; nor Pergamus  
 To be excinded by Argolic arms,  
 Until, at Argos auspices again  
 Taking, they win again the Goddess' grace  
 That erst to Troy in their curved keels they bore. 215  
 And now that they have sought with favoring winds  
 Mycenae's coasts paternal, armaments  
 They raise, and Gods ally, with whom to Troy  
 The sea remeasuring, they are here anon,  
 Least hoped: the omens so Calchas disposes. 220  
 This effigy, the crime to expiate

(n) V. 169.—*Fluere ac retro sublapsa referri*. So, *Fluit ignibus aurum*. Ovid, Met. ii, 251; and metaphorically, *Quâ liquescimus fluimusque molliâ*. Cic. Tusc. ii, 22.  
*Fluere*, to flow (sciz. in the sense of losing consistence, not in that of changing place), to become fluid; the change of place being expressed by



Of reft Palladium, and the Deity  
 Offended to atone, monished they build,—  
 And, of strong wood context, its hugeness rear  
 High towering to the sky ; Calchas' command, 225  
 Lest peradventure, smaller, through your gates  
 Indrawn, it might the old religious weird  
 Fulfil, and stand your nation's tutelar.  
 Contrariwise, if to Minerva's gift  
 Your hands did violence, swift ruin then 230  
 (On the false prophet's head his prophecy  
 Fling back, ye Gods!) swift ruin then should overwhelm  
 The reign of Priam and the Phrygian race ;  
 But, by your own hands drawn, did it ascend  
 Into your city, then with proffered war 235  
 Mighty to Pelops' walls would Asia come :  
 So hung, he said, the fates of our sons' sons."

' By these foul glozings, and the perjured art  
 Of Sinon, the device is credited ;  
 And those captived by cunning and forced tears, 240  
 Whom not Tydides, nor Larissa's chief,  
 Nor ten long years, nor thousand keels could quell.'

(o) ' Greater and much more terrible, another  
 Object presents here, and confounds our breasts'

(o) V. 199.—*Hic aliud &c.* This at the very moment of the prodigy,) prodigy is not merely *ominous*, but like them, crosses the tranquil deep ; (which I believe has not been observed like them, lands ; and, going up by any commentator,) *typical*, of the straight (probably over the very same destruction about to come upon Troy. ground,) to the city, slaughters the The twin serpents prefigure the surprised and unresisting Trojans, Grecian armament ; which, like them, (prefigured by Laocoon's sons,) and comes from Tenedos, (where, as must overturns the religion and drives out not be forgotten, it is lying concealed the Gods, (prefigured by the priest



- (p) Improvidence : Laocoon, Neptune's priest 245  
 Lot-drawn, huge bull was offering at wont altar,  
 When, the still depths across, from Tenedos,  
 (q) Lo ! twin (I shudder to relate,) immense-  
 Orbed serpents on the sea incumb, and steer  
 (r) Side by side shoreward ; whose arrected breasts 250  
 Amid the waves, and bloody combs o'ertop  
 The undulant ; their hinder part the sea  
 Floats, and immense dorse wreaths voluminous ;  
 (s)(t) The brine foams audible : and now the plain

Laocoon). Even in the most minute particulars the type is perfect : the serpents come abreast toward the shore, like ships sailing together ; (*Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat.....Littora.....petens ;*) with flaming eyes raised above the waves, by the whole length of the neck and breast, (*flammas quum regia puppis Extulerat*) ; and with the hinder part floating and curling along on the surface of the water, (*the hinder vessels of the fleet following the lead of the foremost*) ; and, when their work is done (*the Trojans slaughtered, or, with their Gods, driven out of the city*), take possession of the citadel, under the protection of Pallas, (*Jam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas Insedit, &c.*)

(p) V. 200. — *Improvida*. “Quae tale quid non praeviderant.” Heyne ; “Ueberraschte.” Weickert. The correctness of this interpretation (and the incorrectness of Wagner’s “Trojanos credulos, et a Graecorum dolo sibi non caventes”), placed almost beyond doubt by Weickert’s own argument, is confirmed by the word *novus*, v. 228.

(q) V. 204.—*Horresco referens*. This

interjection is not placed indifferently, any where in the middle of the sentence, but in its most natural and effective position, after the words, *gemi a Tenedo tranquilla per alta*, excitatory of expectation ; and immediately before *immensis orbibus angues*, expressive of the actual horrid object. The weaker effect which it would have had, if placed at a greater distance before *immensis orbibus angues*, is shown by Dryden’s translation—

When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied  
 Two serpents, ranked abreast, the seas divide.

And the still weaker, which it would have had, if placed after, by Surrey’s—  
 From Tenedon behold in circles great  
 By the calm seas come fleeting, adders twain ;  
 Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)  
 With reared breast lift up above the seas.

(r) V. 206.—*Pectora quorum &c.*

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, &c.

*Par. Lost*, i, 192.

(s) V. 209.—*Fit sonitus spumante salo*. The translators, who represent the sound made by the foaming of the brine to have been *loud*, err doubly ; 1st, in not understanding that *sonitus*,

(t) For this reference see next page.



They have reached, their glaring eyes with blood suffused,  
 And fire; and licking with vibrating tongues  
 Their hissing jaws: exsanguious at the sight  
 We fly diverse; they with direct march seek  
 (u) Laocoon; and first the bodies small

without an adjunct expressive of *loudness*, is not a *loud sound* but simply a *sound* (see ii, 732; Georg. iv, 79; &c.); and 2ndly, in not perceiving that propriety of description requires that the *sound of foam* should not be represented as *loud*. Dryden, as usual, errs most—

Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,  
 And on the sounding shore the flying billows  
 force.

I know but one translated passage (not Dryden's own), which can at all vie with this in incorrectness; it is where Pope, instead of describing Jupiter as *seizing Ate by the shining-curled head*, in order to fling her from heaven, describes him as *snatching her from the top of his own head*—

From his ambrosial head, where perched she  
 sate,

He snatched the Fury-Goddess of debate.

Pope's *Iliad*, xix, 125.

(t) V. 209.—*Arva*. There is no occasion to suppose, with Heyne, that *arva* is used "*pro littore*," because, interpreted literally, it affords a better meaning, viz., *the fields*, or *cultivated plain inside the beach*, where it is probable the *solennis ara* stood, at such a distance from the actual shore as to be in no danger from the violence of the sea during stormy weather.

(u) V. 213.....216.—*Primum.....Post*. There is a most material discrepancy between the account given by Virgil, and the view presented by the sculptor, of the death of Laocoon and his two sons. According to the former, the serpents *first (primum)* kill the two sons, and *afterwards (post)* seize (*corripiunt*) the father, *subeuntem ac tela ferentem*,

and kill him also; while, according to the latter, the serpents are twined about and kill the father and the two sons *simultaneously*. Virgil's is the more natural and probable account,

1st. Because the children were likely to be at some distance from their parent, he being at the moment engaged in the duties of his office;

And, 2ndly. Because it was more easy for the serpents to conquer Laocoon's powerful strength (see ii, 50) with the whole of their united force and folds, than with such part only of their force and folds as was not employed upon the sons. There is even some difficulty in understanding (nor does an examination of the sculpture tend much to diminish the difficulty,) how two serpents, already twined about, and encumbered with, the bodies of two persons, even although those bodies were small (*parva*,) could seize, and squeeze to death, a third person, possessed of more than ordinary strength, and armed.

The sculptor, if he had had the choice, would doubtless, no less than the poet, have represented the killing of Laocoon to have been subsequent to the killing of the sons; but his art failed him; sculpture could not represent *successive acts*; the chisel could fix no more than a single instant of fleeting time: driven, therefore, by necessity, he places the three persons simultaneously in the folds of the serpents, and his (so much admired) group becomes, in consequence, complicated and almost incomprehensible, and appears in the most disadvan-



- Of his two sons each serpent in embrace 260  
 Folds; and upon their miserable limbs  
 Feeds biting; then himself with aid up-coming,  
 (x) And bringing weapons, seize, and bind with huge spires;  
 And now his middle twice embracing, twice  
 With scaly backs his jugular surrounding, 265  
 O'ertop him with their heads and lofty necks:  
 He simultaneous with his hands to tear  
 The knots asunder aims (his tiar bespewed  
 With sanies and black venom); simultaneous  
 (y) Lifts to the stars shouts horrible, like bellowings 270  
 Of wounded bull that from the altar flees,  
 And the uncertain axe hath from his neck shook.  
 But the twin dragons, gliding, to the high  
 Temple escape, and seek the citadel  
 Of stern Tritonia, and behind the feet 275  
 And shield-orb of the Goddess, lie ensconced.

tageous contrast with the simple and natural narrative of Virgil.

Such is the infinite inferiority of sculpture (and of painting) to poetry. The sculptor (or painter) labors day and night, and for years together, on one object, and, in the end, his work, representing but an instant of time, fails to present to the mind as many ideas as the poet supplies in half a dozen lines, the work perhaps of half an hour.

(x) V. 217.—*Spiris*. *Spirae* are not merely *coils*, but *spiral coils*; tending upwards, like those of a corkscrew held point-upward. See Georg. ii, 153, 154; where Virgil informs us, almost in express terms, that a snake is in *orbs* (*orbes*), while coiled upon the ground, but in *spires* (*spirae*), when he raises himself with a motion twisting upwards. The same distinc-

tion is observable in the passage before us, where the serpents are said to be in *orbs* while on the water, and in *spires* when folded round Laocoon. A right understanding of this word is the more necessary, because it is the only word in the description, except *superant capite et cervicibus altis*, which shows that the poet so far agrees with the sculptor, as to represent Laocoon and the serpents twined about him as forming an *erect* group.

(y) V. 223.—*Quales mugitus, &c.*

Qual' è quel toro che si slaccia in quella  
 Ch' ha ricevuto già 'l colpo mortale,  
 Che gir non sa, ma qua e là saltella,  
 Vid' io lo Minotauro far cotale;

*Dante. Inferno, xii, 22.*

Non altrimenti il toro va saltando  
 Qualora il mortal colpo ha ricevuto,  
 E dentro la foresta alto mugghiando  
 Ricerca il cacciatore che l' ha feruto.

*Boccaccio, in Filostrato.*



‘Thrills then, indeed, through every quaking breast  
 New panic; and, just penalty, they say,  
 Laocoon of his crime paid, who with point  
 Of villain spear against the dorse hurled, harmed 280  
 The sacred wood: the image, with one voice  
 All cry, must to the Goddess’ seat be drawn,  
 The deity exored: we breach the walls,  
 Lay wide the city ramparts; to the work  
 All gird, and underneath the feet the glide 285  
 (z)(a)Of wheels set; to the neck bands hempen stretch:  
 The fatal gin, arms-pregnant, scales the walls;  
 Boys and unwedded damsels hymns chaunt round,  
 And joy to touch the rope: it enters in,  
 And through the city’s midst glides, menacing. 290  
 My country! Ilium, Gods’ dome! war-renowned  
 Strong-hold of the Dardanidae! four times  
 (b) In the port-threshold self it stopped; four times

(z) V. 236.—*Vincula collo Intendunt*. Heyne, Forbiger, and Thiel inform us, without doubt or hesitation, that *intendunt* is here elegantly used (“*exquisitius*”), in place of *illigant*, *innectunt*; and this meaning has been adopted by all the translators, as well as by Forcellini in his Dictionary. I dissent, however, on two grounds; 1st, Because there is not only no instance of *intendere* being used in this sense, but no instance of its being used in any sense bordering on, or at all related to, this sense. And, 2ndly. Because the strict interpretation of *intendunt* (sciz. *stretch* or *extend*,) affords an unobjectionable meaning of the passage; *they extend ropes to the neck*; prosaically, *throw ropes over the neck*. This meaning is not only unobjectionable in itself, but preferable to the

former, inasmuch as it was easier to throw a rope over the neck, than to tie or fasten it at so great a height.

The idea of *stretching*, or *extension*, will, I think, be found to enter into all the significations, whether literal or metaphorical, of *intendere*.

(a) V. 236.—*Collo*. “*In collo noli argutare; cum fune ex eo nexo trahi equus vix commode posset, intellige simpl. funem ex anteriore parte aptum.*” Heyne; who seems not to have perceived how useful the rope round the neck would be, not alone for steadying and preventing the horse from toppling over to one side, but for drawing it *up* into the city, sciz. over the broken down fortifications; *Scandit muros*, v. 237.

(b) V. 242.—*Ipsa in limine portae*. Our author having expressly informed



Arms in the womb clanged ; heedless, we press on,

And fury-blinded ; and the ominous

295

Monster establish in the citadel's

(c) Sanctity. Then Cassandra too, her lips

us, (v. 234,) that the walls were *divided* for the admission of the horse, *porta* must be, not the *gate of the city*, but the *opening or entrance made by the division of the walls*. For a similar application of the word *porta* see *Quadata porta*. En. i, 83. Those commentators who understand *porta* to mean the *gate of the city*, are reduced to the forlorn extremity of construing *dividimus muros*, not *divide the walls*, but *enlarge the opening of the gate* ; and of understanding *Scandit muros* to be no more than a poetical form of expression for *entering the gate*. "Scandit muros, h. e. transcendit ; major imago, quam si portam intrat, quae, murorum impositorum et attingentium parte dejectâ, erat latior facta." Heyne.

(c) V. 247.—*Ora, dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris*. That *credita* is predicated, not of Cassandra, but of *ora*, is proved, not only by the stronger poetical sense of the passage so interpreted, but by the emphatic position of *ora*, closing the sentence to which it belongs, and at the same time beginning a new line.

I do not know whether it has been observed by any commentator, but I think that a very slight examination of Virgil's style is sufficient to show, that his emphatic words are almost invariably placed at, or as near to as possible, the beginning of the line ; that where an increase of emphasis is required, the emphatic word is separated from the immediately succeeding context by a pause in the sense, which allows the mind of the reader, or voice of the reciter, to dwell on the word with a longer emphasis ; that, where the word is required to be still more emphatic,

it is not only placed at the beginning of the line, and separated from the succeeding context by a pause, but is made to stand at the end of its own sentence, and at the greatest possible distance from the words in that sentence to which it is most immediately related, as *ora* in the passage before us ; *Julius*, i, 288 ; *Phoenissa*, i, 714 ; *Cru-delis*, iv, 311 ; and that when a maximum of emphasis is required, the word thus placed emphatically at the beginning of the line, and with a pause immediately following, is a repetition or reduplication of a word which has already been used in the preceding sentence, as *Lumina*, ii, 406 : and I believe it will still further be found, that, whenever it is possible, not only the reduplicated word, but its original also, is placed in the emphatic position at the beginning of the line ; thus *Nate, nate*, En. i, 664, 665 ; *Me, me*, iv, 351, 354 ; *Nos, nos*, Bucol. i, 3 and 4.

In confirmation of the above opinion, that the beginning of the line is, in Virgil's writings, the seat of the emphasis, I may observe that the nominative pronouns (which it is well known are, in Latin, never expressed unless they are emphatic), are, with few or no exceptions, found at the beginning of lines.

From these principles may be derived a double argument in favor of the authenticity of the four disputed lines at the commencement of the Eneis ; 1st. That the emphatic pronouns *ille ego* are, according to Virgil's custom, placed in the emphatic position at the commencement of the line ; and 2ndly. That the words *arma virumque* are



(Ever, so willed the God, discredited  
 By Teucrians,) opens with the Fates' near future :  
 We (wretches, whose that last day,) the Gods' fanes  
 (d) Throughout the city veil with festal frond.

' Round rolls the sphere meantime ; and, rushing forth,  
 Night, from Oceanus, in mighty shade  
 Wraps earth and sky and Myrmidonian wiles :  
 Sparsed through the fortified city, Teucrians lie 305  
 Hush, in the close embrace of weary sleep :  
 And now from Tenedos the Argive phalanx  
 Equipped was sailing, (high when royal poop  
 (e) The flame had hoisted,) and beneath the tacit  
 Moon's friendly silence sought the acquainted shore.  
 Then, by the Gods' unjust fates shielded, Sinon

considerably more emphatic towards the close of the sentence, and in connexion with *at nunc horrentia Martis*, (and, I may add, contrasted, *cano* with *modulatus*, *arma* with *silvis* and *arva*, and *virum* with *colono*,) than without connexion and contrast, and contrary to Virgil's habitual *molle atque facetum*, abruptly at the commencement of the sentence and poem.

Having been thus led to speak incidentally of the four introductory lines of the Eneis, I shall perhaps be excused if I add, that I entirely dissent from the judgment pronounced on those lines by some of Virgil's most *unpoetical* poetical commentators, and especially by Dryden ; and that I regard those lines, (to write which Virgil seems to have taken up the very pen, which he had laid down after writing the last eight lines of the last Georgic,) as not only worthy of Virgil, but as affording, (especially in the fine poetical figure, *vicina coegi*,) the most abundant evi-

dence that they were written by no other hand. See note, En. i, l.

(d) V. 249.—*Festâ velamus fronde*. *Velamus* (very imperfectly rendered by Thiel, *ornamus* ; by Surrey, *deck* ;) means to *veil*, i. e. to *cover in such a manner*, or to *such an extent*, as to *hide from view*, and thus denotes the profusion of green boughs used.

(e) V. 256.—*Flammas quum regia puppis Extulerat*. *Effero* being the verb, employed in Roman military tactics, (see Liv. x, 19 ; xl, 28 ;) to express the raising of the standard, and the carrying it forward out of the camp against the enemy, there can, I think, be little doubt that there is here a tacit comparison of the personified *regia puppis*, raising its signal flame, and followed by the *Argiva phalanx instructis navibus*, to the *standard-bearer of an army*, raising the standard, and followed by the soldiers to battle.



- (f) The enwombed Danaï and piny shutter  
 Stealthily looses; them the horse, disclosed,  
 Refunds to air; and from the strong wood's hollow  
 Joyful the dukes Thessander, Sthenelus, 315  
 And dire Ulysses, issue; the demitted  
 Rope gliding down; and Athamas and Thoas,  
 And Peleus' grandson Neoptolemus,
- (g) Machaon (foremost leader), Menelaus,  
 And he, the artist of the stratagem, 320  
 Epeus: on the city, buried deep  
 In sleep and wine, they rush; the sentinels  
 Cut down; and, through the wide-thrown gates, admitting
- (h) Their compeers all, join conscious bands with bands.
- (i) 'It was the hour when earliest sleep begins 325  
 To care-sick man, and by the Gods' gift creeps  
 Gratefullest: in my dreams, behold! appeared  
 Hector, all woe-begone, before mine eyes

(f) V. 259.—*Claustra*. *Claustrum*; that by which any thing is shut either in or out; a shutter; a barrier: it is, therefore, applied to the movable pieces, (of whatever material,) which closed the vents of Eolus's cave, En. i, 56; (see note En. ii, 81;) to the high lands on each side, which appeared to close in the straits of Pelorus, En. iii, 411; to the valve or valves of a door or gate, by which, sciz. the passage is closed, En. ii, 491; to mountains, closing or barring the passage from one country into another, Tacit. Hist. iii, 2; and therefore metaphorically to the barriers, which the laws oppose to the commission of crime, Quint. xiii, 10; which nature opposes to the investigation of her secrets, Lucret. i, 71, &c. *Claustrum* never has any other mean-

ing; not even in the very passages quoted by Forcellini, that prince of laborious and obtuse lexicographers, to prove that its primary meaning is "*repagulum quo janua clauditur*."

(g) V. 263.—*Primusque Machaon*. I am decided by the exactly corresponding passage, *primusque Thymoeetes*, ii, 32, to understand (with Heyne), *primus* to mean here *first in order*, notwithstanding the authority of Aurelius Victor to the contrary, and the doubt of Wagner, Quest. Virg. xxviii, 5.

(h) V. 267.—*Conscia*. See note, ii, 99.

(i) V. 268.—*Tempus erat*, &c.

It was the time when rest, soft sliding down  
 From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes  
 In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown  
 The careful thoughts of mortal miseries.

Spenser, *Visions of Bellay*. 1.



(k)(l) To stand, and pour large wailings; biga-rapt,  
As erst, and black with bloody dust; the thongs 330

(k) V. 272.—*Raptatus bigis*, &c. The construction is, *Moestissimus Hector, Raptatus bigis (ut quondam), aterque cruento Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes, Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus*. The strength and beauty of this passage, consisting mainly in the positiveness of the predication, *raptatus bigis*, is wholly lost by those who adopt the interpretation of Wagner, *Visus est adesse mihi talis qualis erat quum raptatus esset*; which has the effect of throwing the emphasis off the principal words, *raptatus bigis*, and placing it upon *ut quondam*, words which are quite unessential, and introduced solely for the purpose of explaining to Eneas's hearers (and Virgil's readers,) that the condition expressed by *raptatus bigis*, (viz., *that of having been recently rapt by a biga*,) exactly resembled the condition in which Eneas had formerly seen Hector, shortly after he had been rapt by the *biga* of Achilles. Or, (to make my meaning still clearer,) Eneas, during his dream, sees Hector *raptatus bigis*, (*presenting the appearance of having been rapt by a biga*,) *aterque cruento* &c., but makes no comparison of that appearance with Hector's real appearance after he had been dragged round the walls of Troy, until he comes to relate his dream; then, as his hearers might not perfectly understand what appearance he meant by *raptatus bigis*, he explains his meaning by a reference, (contained in the words *ut quondam*,) to the well-known appearance which Hector had formerly presented, after he had been dragged at Achilles' chariot-wheels. The comma, therefore, placed after *bigis*, by the more correct judgment of some previous editor, and removed by Heyne, should be replaced.

I need scarcely point out to the reader, that the words *ut quondam*, although intended only to illustrate the

meaning of *raptatus bigis*, present us also with a natural and philosophical explanation, why Eneas, in his dream, saw Hector, *quasi raptatus bigis*; sciz. because of the strong impression made upon his mind by the sight of Hector, shortly after he had been actually dragged by the *biga* of Achilles.

(l) V. 272.—*Bigis*. The Latin word *biga* not having any corresponding term in English, I was under the absolute necessity, either to follow the example of preceding translators, who, rendering *biga* simply *a chariot*, present their readers with Virgil's meaning curtailed of one half its fair proportion; or to use either the Latin term itself, or its most uncouth and unpoetical periphrasis, *a chariot drawn by two horses*. I was not slow to decide, 1st, that at all hazards Virgil's meaning, (in this as in all other places,) should be preserved in its integrity; and, 2ndly, that it was better to use the Latin word itself, (already adopted into the Italian language,) even although (without this explanation,) it must be unintelligible to some of my readers, than, by the use of the periphrasis, entirely destroy the poetry of the passage to all. For similar reasons I have in the course of the work, transferred, (with little or no alteration in the terminations,) several other Latin words from the original to my translation, as, for instance, *Eneadae, bireme, Iliades, mamma, palle, lustra, amaracus, peplum*. Before the reader condemns me on this account, I beg that he will do me the justice to observe, in the several passages, the effect of the introduction of Virgil's own word into the translation, as compared with the effect produced by the substitution for it, of an English word either inadequately expressing, (as in some of the existing translations,) or wholly misrepresenting (as in others,) the meaning of the



(*m*) In his swollen feet; ah me, what spectacle!

How from that Hector changed, who in the spoils

author. Besides these Latin words, I have occasionally made use of some old English words, rarely, if ever, found in modern writings; with respect to which I beg to observe, once for all, that I have never used such words, except when they seemed to me to express Virgil's meaning more exactly, or to suit my rhythm better, than any modern words, and that I have avoided the practice, although sanctioned by the example of Spenser, Beattie, Thomson, Byron, and others, of preferring ancient words to modern, merely because their antiquity bestowed upon them a certain degree of quaintness. I shall also, perhaps, be excused if I venture here to utter an opinion, that it is absolutely impossible to express in English rhythm, the innumerable and ever-varying shades of Virgil's thought, without the help of a vocabulary much more varied and extensive than that ordinarily used, even by good authors; and that the reason why all existing translations of the Eneis present, in the opinion of competent judges, so faithless, and I may truly say, so deformed likenesses of that beautiful and noble work, is perhaps less that the translators continually mistake the meaning of the author, than that their limited, and (if I may so say without offence to more than one great name in English poetry,) very common-place vocabulary is inadequate to convey that meaning to a third person, even in those instances in which it has been correctly made out and understood by the translators themselves.

It will, perhaps, occur to the reader, that there is, in this translation, something more which requires apologetic observation, than the mere occasional introduction of antiquated English, or

newly-derived Latin, words: the style has no doubt appeared to him unusual, even unprecedented; perhaps stiff and constrained. Of these qualities the former is not necessarily a fault; the latter arises partly from the former, (and in so far is rather apparent than real, and will, like the formality of a stranger's manner, disappear upon acquaintance); and partly from a source common to it and the former, and of which I shall take this opportunity to say a few words. My object was, to represent Virgil's meaning faithfully, without addition or diminution; to make a *bonâ fide* translation, or transference of his thoughts, from the Latin hexameter into the English iambic, a translation in which there should be nothing of my own and every thing of Virgil's. *But neither the languages nor the rhythms tallied.* Other translators met the difficulty by *altering* Virgil, so as to make him suit their language and rhythm; either (*a*) substituting their own thought in place of Virgil's; or (*b*) varying or modifying his thought; or (*c*) adding to it; or (*d*) taking from it; or (*e*) omitting it altogether. By these means they frequently (not always,) succeeded in rendering their lines abundantly fluent, round, and sonorous, but alas! never, even so much as in a single instance, reflected the image of Virgil's thought; the whole result being the production of a number of English poems, of more or less merit, but not one representative of Virgil. I have adopted therefore precisely the reverse principle, and proposed to myself, not the easy, and frequently performed, task of adapting Virgil to the English language and rhythm, but the difficult and never before attempted one, of adapting

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(*m*) For this reference see page 86.



Returns clad of Achilles, or hath hurled  
High upon Grecian poops our Phrygian brands ;

the English language and rhythm to Virgil. The result arrived at is, of course, precisely the reverse; Virgil's meaning is presented fully and faithfully, without addition or diminution, but my lines have, as many will think, somewhat of a stiff or foreign air; do not abound in those cadences, and turns of expression, with which the English ear and mind are familiar, and which are generally considered, I will not say by the best judges, but which are very generally considered, as essential requisites, nay the essence itself, of poetry. I shall illustrate my meaning by a single example.

Virgil (En. i, 283,) writes thus, *In the lapse of lustra, an era shall arrive, when the house of Assaracus will oppress Phthia and illustrious Mycenae with servitude, and dominate over conquered Argos.* In putting this sentence into English rhythm, some difficulty arises from the number of proper names, better suited to Latin hexameter than to English iambic. How have the translators met this difficulty? Dryden, by entirely omitting the proper names, (in which the main strength of the thought lies,) and substituting, in place of the Virgilian thought, a sort of commentary of his own;

An age is ripening in revolving fate,  
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state;  
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call  
To crush the people that conspired her fall.

Phaer, also omitting the proper names, disposes of the passage in nine words, whose only title to be considered a translation of Virgil's thought, is that one of them is the word, *time*;

Let time roll on, and set forth their renowne.

[Phaer's *Aeneados* (copies of which cannot now be procured without difficulty,) was written, the author himself informs us, in two hundred and fifty days; and, as may be inferred from that single fact, is wholly devoid of

merit, and serves only, (a) to prove that English rhyming poetry was pretty much the same slip-slop three hundred years ago as it is now; and (b) as a foil to set off blank verse, the first specimen of which had appeared only a few years previously, in the best translation of Virgil ever written; that of the second and fourth books of the Eneis, by the unfortunate Earl of Surrey.]

Beresford, on the other hand, whose almost unknown translation is, in some respects, very superior to most of those which are in the hands of the public, encounters the difficulty by the opposite method, that of addition; and succeeds in expressing the essence of Virgil's thought, but not without the damaging aid of the explanatory "*Sons of Rome*," and the miserable eke of the common-place expletives *race, old, derived, walls, galling*;

In course of gliding years,  
Shall rise an era when the sons of Rome  
In race from old Assaracus derived,  
Shall Phthia, conquered Argos, and renowned  
Mycenae's walls in galling slavery hold.

Pitt, following the example of Pope in his mellifluous paraphrase (*soi-disant* translation) of Homer, unites both methods; adds and subtracts, varies and substitutes, until he has utterly falsified the record of which he professes to be the interpreter, and attained an *almost perfect euphony*, by setting up Assaracus's sons "*reigning in Greece*," laying Mycenae "*in the dust*," putting "*an hour upon the wing*," (whether to arrive or depart he does not say,) and throwing overboard the essential thoughts *lustra*, and *Phthia*; and with the latter the implied Trojan retaliation on Achilles for the death of Hector;

An hour shall wing its way,  
When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenae lay,  
In Greece Assaracus his sons shall reign,  
And vanquished Argos wear the victor's chain.

If my translation be found to ex-



Squalid his beard ; concrete with blood his locks ; 335  
 And bearing, round his native walls received,

press the meaning of the passage fully and faithfully, without the aid of expletives, and without the omission or modification of any, even the least essential, part of the thought, I shall, perhaps, stand excused in the eyes of some of my readers for having pressed into my service the almost Latin word *lustra*, and the somewhat unusual adjective *discomfite*. If, however, there be, as I doubt not there will be, a great majority who deem such apology insufficient, and will admit no excuse for the absence from my lines, of the often round and sonorous cadences of Dryden, and the mellow smoothness of Pitt, I take leave of such readers with the best good-wishes, and without further attempt to dispel the agreeable illusion, that, while reading Pitt's or Dryden's *Eneis*, they are reading poetry, and holding converse with Virgil. See note, En. ii, 475.

(m) V. 273.—*Tumentes*. Dead limbs do not swell in consequence of violence ; either, therefore, Virgil means, that the swelling of Hector's feet was the result of putrefaction ; or he applies the adjunct *tumentes* in ignorance of the physiological truth ; or aware of the truth, falsely, for the sake of effect ; or, else, he means that both the swelling, and the violence which produced it, were anterior to death.

It is highly improbable that he means that the swelling was the consequence of putrefaction ; because, although he might not have felt himself bound by the authority of Homer, who expressly states (*Iliad*, xxiii, xxiv ; ) that Apollo prevented putrefaction from taking place in the corpse of Hector, yet no poetical advantage was to be gained by suggesting the idea of putrefaction, inasmuch as that idea was not only revolting in itself, but, by removing our thought so much the

further from the living, sentient Hector, directly tended to diminish that sympathy with him, which it was the sole object of the description to excite.

It is still less likely that Virgil, aware of the physiological truth, applied the term falsely, for the sake of effect ; the unworthy supposition is contradicted by every thing which is known, or has ever been heard, of Virgil.

The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable, either that Virgil applied the term *tumentes* in ignorance of the physiological truth, that violence inflicted on dead limbs will not cause them to swell ; or that the non-Homeric narrative (see Heyne, *Excurs.* xviii, ad En. i), which he certainly must have followed, when describing Hector as having been dragged round the walls of Troy, (and not, as in the *Iliad*, from Troy to the Grecian tents, and round the tomb of Patroclus,) represented Achilles as having bored Hector's feet, and dragged him after his chariot *before he was yet dead*. Nor let the reader, living in times when man has some bowels of compassion for brother man, reject with horror the imputation to Achilles of so atrocious cruelty : let him rather call to mind the boring of the feet of Oedipus, of the feet and hands of malefactors on the cross, the slitting of noses and cropping of ears, the burnings at the stake, and breakings on the wheel, not so very long since discontinued in Christian countries. This latter explanation of the difficulty involved in the word *tumentes*, derives, perhaps, some confirmation from the words in which Virgil, (En. i, 483 ; ) has described the dragging of Hector round the walls of Troy ;

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,  
 Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.

There must be some good reason (see note, En. ii, 552) why, in these



Those wounds innumerable : weeping, myself  
 Was first, methought, to speak, and in sad words  
 Accost the hero :—" Light of Dardany !  
 O Teucrian hope most stedfast ! what so great 340  
 Delays have held thee ? from what clime returnest,  
 (n) Expected Hector ? how our weariness,  
 After thy kin's so many funerals,  
 After so various toils of man and city,  
 Looks unto thee ! what indign cause, thy face 345  
 Serene, hath fouled ; or why these wounds behold I ?"  
 He no word answers, nor me querying vain  
 Delays, but heavy from his breast's depth groaning :

lines, *exanimus corpus* is not applied, as might have been expected, to *raptaverat*, but solely to *vendebat* ; and such good reason is at once suggested by the explanation just given of the word *tumentes* ; Achilles drags round the Ilian walls *Hector* (not Hector's *exanimus corpus*, Hector being yet alive) ; and having thus deprived him of life, sells his *corpse* (*exanimus corpus*) for gold.

[We are, however, by no means necessitated to adopt this explanation of the evidently intentional separation of *exanimus corpus* from *raptaverat*, an at least equally satisfactory one readily suggesting itself: *raptaverat Hectora* (not *exanimus corpus*), because the pathos lay, not in its being *a corpse*, but in its being *Hector*, his noble rival, whom Achilles thus dishonored ; *vendebat exanimus corpus* (not *Hectora*), because the pathos lay in its being (not, as was usual, a *living captive*,) but *a corpse*, which was ransomed.]

The translation of the word *tumentes* remaining the same, no matter which of the above explanations be adopted, I leave it to the reader to choose that explanation, which seems to him best to solve the difficulty.

(n) V. 283.—*Ut te.....aspicimus !*  
 The commentators have found this passage troublesome. *Ut* expressing degree, and there being no degrees of *seeing*, they have felt themselves obliged to separate *ut* from *aspicimus*, and assign it to *defessi* ; but *ut defessi* gives a poor weak meaning, unworthy of Virgil. The difficulty may be got rid of by understanding *aspicimus* figuratively ; of the *mental*, not of the *bodily* sense. *How* (sciz. *with what anxious hope*) *we* (sciz. *in our hearts*) *look towards you !* That the Latin *aspicio* has this secondary or derived meaning, no less than the English to *look* and *to behold*, the French *regarder*, the German *ansehen* and *anschauen*, and the Greek *βλεπω*, let Cornelius Nepos witness (in Chabria) ; " Chabrias privatus omnes qui in magistratu erant auctoritate anteibat, eumque magis milites, quam qui praeerant aspiciebant."

It may also be observed, in favor of this interpretation, that it is more correct to represent the absent Trojans as *looking towards Hector with hope and expectation*, than as actually *seeing* him in Eneas's dream.



"Ah, fly," cries, "Goddess-son, and from these flames  
 Snatch thee; the foe the walls hath; from its high  
 Summit Troy ruins: thou for fatherland  
 Enough hast done and Priam; Pergamus,  
 If by right hand defensible, had been  
 By this right hand defended; Troy to thee  
 Her sacred gear commends, and Gods Penates; 355  
 Thy fates' companions these take; with these seek  
 The city, whose great walls thou, the sea o'erwandered,  
 Shalt found at last." He says, and in his hands  
 The tiar, from inmost penetral brings forth,  
 And potent Vesta, and the Eternal Fire. 360

'Meantime with diverse woe confused the city;

(o) And more and more (albeit recessed and secret

(o) V. 299.—*Quanquam secreta parentis, &c.* One of the objections made by Napoleon, (see his Note sur le deuxième livre de l'Enéide, quoted at vers. 5, above,) to Virgil's account of the taking of Troy, is, that it was impossible for Eneas *dans ce peu d'heures et malgré les combats* to have made numerous journeys (*plusieurs voyages*) to the house of Anchises, situated *dans un bois à une demi-lieue de Troyes*. This criticism is doubly erroneous, because, 1st. The house of Anchises was not half a league's distance, nor any distance, from Troy, but in Troy itself, as evidenced by the account (vv. 730, 753) of Eneas's flight from Anchises' house, *out of Troy, through the gate of the city*; and, 2ndly. Because Eneas visits the house only twice, and, on one of those occasions, (as if Virgil had been careful to guard against any demur being made to so many as even two visits to a house, situated, as he here

informs us, in a remote part of the town,) is miraculously expedited by a Goddess.

I know not whether it will be regarded as an extenuation, and not rather as an aggravation, of Napoleon's error, that he has here (as in the other parts of his critique,) depended wholly on Delille's very incorrect translation;

Déjà le bruit affreux, (quoique loin de la ville  
 Mon père eût sa demeure, au fond d'un bois  
 tranquille).

It was, at least, incumbent on him, before he sent forward to the world, under the sanction of his illustrious name, a condemnation of the second book of the Eneis, both in the general, and in the detail, to have taken ordinary pains to ascertain Virgil's true meaning; and to have assured himself that he was not fulminating his condemnation against errors, the greater part of which had no existence, except in the false medium through which alone



My sire Anchises' house, and round with trees closed,)
 Waxes the din clear, ingruent the arms-horror.
 Shaken from sleep, I master the roof's highest 365
 (p) Ridge climbing, and with ears arrected stand :
 So, when on corn the flame falls while the South
 Rages ; or mountain torrent's rapid flood
 Fields prostrates, prostrates joyous braird and ox-toils,
 And woods drags headlong ; the unweeting pastor 370
 Astonies, from high rock-brow the sound catching.
 Plain then the truth ; the Grecian ambush open ;
 Now the house ample of Deïphobus
 Beneath o'erpowering Vulcan hath, a ruin,
 Fallen ; blazes now next-door Ucalegon ; 375
 Wide from Sigeum's frith shines back the fire ;
 Rises the shout of men, the trumpet-clangor :
 Wild I seize arms, what though in arms no hope
 Rational, but to glomerate a band
 For battle, burns my spirit ; and to rush, 380
 Myself and friends, into the citadel ;
 Madness and wrath transport me, and I think,
 With arms in hand how lovely 'tis to die.

‘ But Pantheus see, from swords of the Achivi,  
 Pantheus Othryades, elapsed, the priest 385  
 Of Phoebus and the citadel ; with gear

(as sufficiently evidenced both by his own words and his quotations,) he had any acquaintance with Virgil.

(p) V. 302.—*Summi fastigia tecti. Fastigia tecti ; sciz. tectum fastigatum ; a sloping or ridged roof, such as is commonly used throughout Europe at the present day.* That this is the

meaning of the term is placed beyond doubt by the passage in which Livy describes the *testudo* ; “scutis super capita densatis, stantibus primis, secundis submissioribus, tertiis magis et quartis, postremis etiam genu nisis, fastigatam, sicut tecta aedificiorum sunt, testudinem faciebant.” Liv. xliv, 9.



Sacred in hand, and conquered Gods, and dragging,

Himself, his little grandson, wild, our sill

(q) Towards, comes running :—"Where the chief brunt,

Pantheus ?

(r) What strong-hold seize we?" To these words, scarce said,

(q) V. 322.—*Quo res summa loco, Pantheu ?* I cannot agree with Burmann and Forbiger, that, (*quo loco* being taken figuratively, and *res summa* for *salus reipublicae*,) the question asked by Eneas is, *In what condition is the public safety ?* because it were mere idleness of Eneas to ask such question, he being already (v. 309—317) fully aware of the desperate condition of affairs. Still less can I assent to the monstrous proposition of Thiel, (monstrous, as being wholly gratuitous, and unsupported even by the shadow of an authority,) to understand *res summa* as spoken of *the arx*, "von der Burg, als auf welche alles ankommt."

There is no occasion to have recourse to these forced explanations, the literal interpretation affording a better, and, as it seems to me, an unexceptionable meaning, *quo loco (ubi) res summa (summa rei) sciz. agitur ; where, in what part of the town, is the principal conflict ? i.e. that on which the fate of the city depends ?* This is a pertinent question, put with the greatest propriety to Pantheus, the first fugitive he met, by Eneas, rushing out of the house with arms in his hands, for the very purpose of aiding his fellow-citizens in the desperate conflict which he knew was going on somewhere, (he did not yet know exactly where,) in the city. He meets Pantheus flying, and begs to be directed to the scene of combat, *quo loco, Pantheu, (sciz. agitur) res summa*. Livy, Lib. xxiii, c. ult. uses *res summa* precisely in the same sense, and, by a singular coincidence, in a passage also descriptive of parties hastening to the scene of action, to the

spot *ubi res summa agitur*. "Eodem et duo duces et duo exercitus Karthaginiensium, ibi rem summam agi cernentes, convenerunt." The phrase *summa rerum* is also used by Livy, vi, 22, in nearly the same sense.

(r) V. 322.—*Quam prendimus arcem ? "Optimum factu, ut arcem pro perfugio accipias ; quo confugimus ?"* Heyne. Wrong, because Eneas is not thinking of *refuge* or *retreat*, but of *fighting*. See vv. 314, 315, 316, 317, and the whole sequel, even to the end of the book. Virgil knew too well what was due to his hero, to represent him as consulting for his personal safety, and even for flight, before he had struck a single blow, or so much as faced, or even seen the enemy.

"*Qua viâ, ratione, ad arcem pervenire possumus ?*" Burmann. "*Quomodo prendimus arcem ?*" Wagner. Both wrong, because, if Eneas sought the *arx* as a safe retreat for himself, the interpretation is liable to the same objection as Heyne's ; if he sought it for the purpose of there fighting at an advantage, it was incumbent on him first to have inquired whether the *arx* was not already on fire, or in possession of the enemy ; or at least to have waited until Pantheus, in answer to his first question, had informed him where the principal conflict was, and where his assistance was most needed. If Pantheus had answered (which, however, he did not,) "the principal contest is at the *arx*," then, and not till then, could Eneas have, with propriety, put the further question, *quâ ratione ad arcem pervenire possumus ?*

"*De interpretatione omnino consentio cum Wagnero, sed ita explico, quae jam*



He answers, groaning :—"The last day is come,  
And ineluctible dooms-hour Dardanian :

*arx reliqua est quam prendere possumus?* i. e. *arcem non amplius possumus capere, obtinere.* Recte igitur Servius, '*quum tu eam relinquas,*' (v. 319) *non enim plures erant arces.* Weickert. Wrong, 1st. Because, the flight of the aged priest of the citadel proved only that the citadel was in imminent danger, not that it was taken; and 2ndly. Because the reflection, that there was no other citadel to seize and occupy, now that *the* citadel was lost, if true, was a truth of which Pantheus did not need to be informed.

"*Wie (quam, qualem) treffen wir die Burg?*" Thiel. Wrong, because, 1st. We cannot, without putting great force upon the words, understand *quam* to mean *qualem*; or *prendimus* (in the present) to mean *inveniemus* (in the future; and because, 2ndly. There is an evident incongruity between the tame calculating coolness of the question, *wie treffen wir die Burg?* and the highly excited, maddened (*amens*) state of Eneas's mind, see vv. 314—317.

All these erroneous interpretations are but the various offshoots of the radical, and hitherto unsuspected, error, that the *nos*, which is the subject of *prendimus*, means either *ego et socii*, or *ego et tu*, sciz. *Pantheus*. Let us understand the *nos* of *prendimus* to mean simply *Trojani*, (not including either Eneas or Pantheus,) and the sentence is immediately extricated from all difficulty; Eneas asks, *What arx do we* (sciz. *Trojans*) *occupy?* This question is (a) simple and intelligible, and puts no force upon any of the words, Eneas using *nos* to express the Trojans, without including either himself or Pantheus, in the same way as an English speaker or historian says '*we* conquered at Trafalgar,' or '*we* sent an expedition to Egypt,' although the battle of Trafalgar was fought, and the expedition to Egypt sent, before either himself or

any of his hearers was born: *prendimus* being used in its ordinary sense of *seizing and holding*, and being put in the present instead of the past time, because the action is not yet completed; and *arx* being understood generically, of any place capable of being defended, *ex. gr.* any hill, temple, palace, tower, fort, or even wall or ditch. (b) *Quam prendimus arcem*, thus understood, harmonises so perfectly with *quo res summa loco*, that it may be considered rather as a modified repetition of that question than as a new and independent one, Eneas expecting but one answer to his inquiry *where is the chief contest? what place of strength do we (Trojans) occupy?* because the chief contest was of course wherever the Trojans were endeavoring to defend themselves by means of *an advantageous position*. (c) Thus understood, Eneas's question is consistent with his character of hero; he does not gasconade about seizing *an* (or *the*) *arx* in order to defend it either with *socii* (*ego et socii*), he being alone, and having no *socii* until chance afterwards throws them in his way; or with the assistance of an old, frightened, and fugitive priest (*ego et tu*), encumbered with the images of his gods, and with a helpless child; neither does he consider how he may best save himself under the shelter of *an* (or *the*) *arx*; but, his first and immediate impulse being to give all the assistance in his power, he asks, in the briefest terms possible, the appropriate question, *where is the brunt of battle? in what place of strength do the Trojans defend themselves?* and with propriety puts the question to Pantheus, because he is the first person whom he meets, and has that moment come from the scene of danger. (d) But further, as truth is always not only consistent with, but illustrative of other truth, so this



Trojans we once were ; Ilium and the huge  
 Glory of Teucris once was ; wild-beast Jove  
 All has transferred to Argos ; in the fired 395  
 City the Danaï are dominant ;  
 High-towering in the midst the horse teems warriors,  
 And victor Sinon flings his brands, insulting :  
 There, to the gates' bi-patency they press,  
 In thousands numerous as ever came 400  
 From great Mycenae ; here, with bristling front  
 The narrow streets already they beset ;  
 The drawn edge stands, death-gleaming ; scarce resist,  
 Or try the darkling battle, the gate night-watch."

(s) ' Driven by this answer of Othryades, 405  
 And the Gods' will, I rush midst arms and flames,  
 Where calls severe Erinys, and the din,  
 And shout sky-volleyed ; add their fellowship,  
 And to our side agglomerate, by the moonlight,  
 Ripheus, and Iphitus mightiest in arms, 410  
 And Hypanis and Dymas, and the youth  
 Choroebus, son of Mygdon ; with insane

interpretation of Eneas's question is not merely consistent with, but illustrates, the answer of Pantheus, who, being asked *where the chief conflict is? what arx of defence the Trojans occupy?* replies, *There is no conflict, the Trojans occupy and defend no arx, the Greeks are victorious and masters of the city, (dominantur in urbe), the city is on fire, every street is beset by the enemy with flaming swords, and thousands more are entering at the gates, the guards of which are overpowered, and make no resistance.* A more direct answer could not be given to Eneas's question,

*where is the chief conflict? what point of defence do the Trojans occupy?* (e) And Eneas proceeds accordingly ; for, having learned from Pantheus that there was no stand made by the Trojans, and that therefore there was no one spot which demanded his presence more than another, he follows the guidance of the noise and the fire,

In flammas et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,  
 Quo fremitus vocat, et sublatus ad aethera  
 clamor.—vv. 337, 338.

(s) V. 336.—*Talibus Othryadae dictis, &c.* See note second, vers. 322.



Love of Cassandra fired, who chance those days  
 Had come to Troy, and, son-in-law, had brought,  
 To Priam aid, and Phrygia; hapless he, 415  
 That listed not his ecstasied bride's precepts.  
 Whose daring when I saw banded to battle,  
 These words I add:—"Youths, bravest hearts in vain,  
 If resolute my desperation's lead  
 To follow, fortune's attitude ye see; 420  
 Altar and shrine forsaking, all the Gods,  
 Sustainers of this empire, have departed;  
 Ye bring your succour to a burning city:  
 Let us die, and amid arms rush; one sole  
 Safety the conquered have, to hope no safety." 425  
 Their courage becomes fury, and, like wolves  
 In black fog rapining, whom the improbus  
 Rage of the belly blind-wode hath forth-driven,  
 And forlorn cubs' dry throats expect, we march  
 Through foes and weapons, to no doubtful death, 430  
 And, by the black night's hollow shade round-flitted,  
 Hold the mid-city route. Who may the carnage,  
 The funerals of that night, with speech unfold?  
 With tears the labors equal? Ancient, falls,  
 And dominant for many a year, the city; 435  
 Thick strowed on every side, through every street,  
 (t) Gods' dome and sill religious, quickless bodies.

(t) V. 365.—*Perque domos et religiosa Deorum Limina*. I refer *domos*, along with *limina*, to *Deorum*, and understand the meaning to be, *the domes (or temples) of the Gods, and their religious entrances, approaches, or precincts*. The structure is precisely the same as at vers. 634, where *limina*

and *domos* are united, and, as there can be but little doubt, both referred to *sedes*. The translators understand *domos* to be *the citizens' houses*; incorrectly, I think, because, 1st. Although there might have been sufficient time for the massacre of those timid persons, who, at the first alarm, had fled to the



Nor pay the Teuceri sole, blood-penalty ;  
 Virtue sometimes into the conquered cardiac  
 Returns, and victor Greek falls ; everywhere 440  
 Is cruel wailing, panic everywhere,  
 And death's innumerable image. First,  
 With a great troop, accompanied, of Danaï,  
 Presents himself Androgeos, and, unweeting,  
 Believes us sociate bands, and friendly accosts :— 445  
 “ Brave fellows haste ; what so late sloth detains ye ?  
 While others Pergamus rap, reave, and burn,  
 Ye from the tall ships now first come.” He said,  
 And instantly, for scarce our answer trusty,  
 Into the midst of the foe perceived him lapsed : 450  
 Astounded, he drew back his foot and voice ;  
 Like one who hath the adder unforeseen  
 Foot-trodden among rough thorns, and recoils  
 Sudden and trepidant before the wrath  
 Uprisen, and blue swollen gorge ; no otherwise, 455  
 At the sight tremefact, retreats Androgeos.  
 On-rushing, and round-pouring with dense arms,  
 We fell them fast, unskilful of the ground,  
 And panic-seized ; fair on our first emprise  
 Breathes fortune ; with success elate, and courage, 460  
 “ Comrades,” then cries Choroebus, “ let us follow  
 Where Fortune first points safety's way, where first  
 She shows herself propitious ; let us change  
 Shields, and of Danaï fit on the insignia ;

temples, there had not yet been sufficient time for the sacking of individual houses, and the massacre of their inhabitants. And 2ndly. Even if there had been sufficient time for the mas-

sacre of the inhabitants inside their houses, Eneas could much less easily have seen the dead bodies in the private houses, than in the temples.



- Who in a foe asks, whether artifice 465  
 (u) Or valor? their own selves shall lend us arms.”  
 He said, and, straight, the bushy helm did on,  
 And shield's decorous ensign, of Androgeos;  
 And to his side fitted the Argive sword;  
 Ripheus the same does, Dymas self, and all 470  
 The youth rejoicing; each in the fresh spoils  
 Arms; with the Danaï immixed we go,  
 Without our own God-guardage; many a battle  
 Join, close hand, through the blind night; many a Greek  
 Send down to Orcus: in flight diverse, some 475  
 The ships seek running, and the faithful shore;  
 Part, with base fear, again the huge horse climb,  
 (x) And, diving, hide in the acquainted belly.  
 Alas! without crime may no man confide  
 Aught, if the Gods not with him; behold! dragged  
 From Pallas' fane and shrine, with knotless locks,  
 The Priameian virgin, eyes of fire  
 (y) Cassandra straining toward heaven in vain,

(u) V. 391.—*Arma dabunt ipsi*. If, as hitherto supposed, *ipsi* mean *the persons whom Choroebus and his party are despoiling of their arms*, (“Die Todten werden Waffen geben.” Schiller); the sentence *arma dabunt ipsi* is a mere tautology, the same meaning being contained in the preceding *mutemus clypeos*, &c.; for, *Let us exchange arms with these persons*, and *these persons shall supply us with arms*, are plainly but different ways of saying the same thing. I, therefore, refer *ipsi* to *the Danaï*; *the enemy*, generally: and understand Choroebus's meaning to run thus, *Let us change shields, &c. with these dead fellows here, and, by so doing, compel the Danaï, the invaders themselves,*

(*ipsi*), *to furnish us with arms*. The passage being so interpreted, there is, 1st, no tautology; and, 2ndly, *ipsi* has its proper emphatic force.

The sentiment contained in *arma dabunt ipsi* is familiar to us in the English proverbial expression *furnish a rod to whip himself*.

(x) V. 401.—*Conduntur*. *Condo* is (strictly) not merely *to hide*, but, the force of *do* being preserved in its compound, (see note En. i, 60), *to put or plunge into a place, so as to hide*. Hence it is sometimes even joined with a preposition governing the accusative.

Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condet in undas. Georg. i, 438.

(y) V. 403.—*Priameia virgo*..... *Cassandra*. Adopting the form of Virgil's



(z)(a) Eyes, for her dainty palms bonds hindered ; brooked,  
 Of mind infuriated, Choroebus not 485  
 That spectacle, and into the band's midst  
 Flung him to die ; we in a body all  
 Follow, and gore their rout with dense arms ; here  
 First are we overwhelmed from the high-fane top  
 With own friends' missiles ; and most wretched carnage  
 Out of the aspect ensues of our arms,  
 And Graian crest-manes' error : then with groan,  
 The Danaï from every side collected,  
 And ire for rescued virgin, fall upon us,  
 Most doughty Ajax and the Atridae twain, 495  
 And whole Dolopian muster : as sometimes  
 In whirlwind-burst winds opposite conflict,  
 Both Zephyrus and Notus, and, rejoicing,  
 Eurys, in steeds Eoan ; screech the woods,  
 And, foamy, with his trident welters Nereus, 500  
 And from its depth profoundest stirs the sea.  
 Those too whom, in the obscure night's shade, our ambush  
 Had routed, and the whole city thorough driven

sentence, I have in the translation of this passage separated *Cassandra* from *Priameia virgo*, and thus deviated from the English idiom, which, (I believe, always) unites the proper name with the apposite words containing the description of the individual. At vv. 500, 501, of the first book of this translation, I have adopted a similar structure, and, treading as closely as I could in Virgil's steps, separated the name *Venus* from the character or description, *Dea*. See also v. 858, B. i, of this translation, and note ; also note, En. ii, 552.

(z) V. 406.—*Lumina*. See note, vers. 247.

(a) V. 406.—*Nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas*. It is evident that the translators understand the words *vincula arcebant* to be equivalent to *vincula ligabant*, and to mean no more than that *chains bound her hands*.

Her eyen, for fast her tender wrists were bound. *Surrey*.

— rude fetters bound her tender hands. *Beresford*.

On the contrary, the idea of *binding* does not extend beyond the word *vincula* ; and *arcebant* has its own proper force, of *hindering, keeping away* : (*vincula*) *bonds, (arcebant) hindered, kept off*, her hands, sciz. so that she could not extend them towards heaven.



My Hector's self now present; hither do  
Come then; this altar will protect us all,  
Or thou shalt with us die." She said, and to her  
The long-aged took, and placed in the sacred seat.

'But see! elapsed from Pyrrhus' quell, Polites, 625  
One of the sons of Priam, by the long  
Porticoes flies, through midst of foes and weapons,  
And thrids the empty halls, hurt: burning Pyrrhus  
Him with infest wound pursues; now, and now,  
With the hand holds, and presses with the spear. 630

(v) He, when whole way at last come fore the eyes  
(x)(y) And face parental, falls, and in much blood  
Effuses life; nor Priam, though death's prisoner,  
Withal abstained then, nor voice spared, nor ire;  
But, "Ha!" shouts, "for this wickedness, this dare 635  
Outrageous, may the Gods, (if pious aught,  
In heaven, such acts heeds,) worthy thank, and due  
Guerdon repay thee, who hast made mine eyes  
Behold mine offspring perish, and the father's  
Presence contaminated with the son's death. 640

I crave the pardon of our parliamentary orators for an explanation, which shows, in what total ignorance of their true meaning, these words are used vituperatively.

(v) V. 531.—*Evasit*. See note, En. ii, 458.

(x) V. 532.—*Concidit*. I entirely agree with Heyne's gloss, "Put a Politen ex vulnere priore concidere." Forbiger, commenting on this gloss, and of a contrary opinion, asks, with great simplicity, "Cur ex priore vulnere, quum Heyne verba premit hastâ per transfigit explicuerit?" The answer is, because Pyrrhus does not *actually transfix*, but *jam jamque premit*, is,

*every moment, on the point of transfixing* [rather *oppressing*]. If Virgil had meant to say that Pyrrhus did actually transfix Polites, he would not have subjoined the words, *Ut tandem ante oculos evasit*, &c., descriptive of the continuation of the flight, without interruption, to the spot where the parents were sitting.

(y) V. 532.—*Concidit*, (con-cado,) *fell down*, as we say, *all of a heap*; as a man falls, when fainting from the loss of blood. Its opposite is *Procumbit* (pro-cumbo), *lies stretched at full length*, as a strong man, who has been felled to the ground by a single blow. See vers. 426.



Far other foe to Priam that Achilles  
 Thy leasing calls thy sire ; who blushed the rights  
 And faith of suppliant, and the exsanguious  
 Body Hectorean to the tomb restored,  
 And me sent to my realms again." So said, 645

(z) The old man his unwarrior weapon flung  
 Strokeless ; which by the hoarse brass instantly  
 Repelled, in vain hung from the shield's boss top.  
 " Then to the sire Pelides thou shalt post,"  
 Pyrrhus replied, " the bearer of this news ; 650  
 To him my naughty deeds forget not tell,  
 And how degenerate Neoptolemus :  
 Now die." To the very altar, with the word,  
 He dragged him trembling, and in the much blood  
 Of his son slipping ; in his locks entwined 655

(a) The left hand ; forth with right the sparkling drew,  
 And blade plunged in his side up to the hilt.  
 So ended Priam's fates ; this exit him

(z) V. 545.—*Conjecit*. See note, En. ii, 50.

(a) V. 552. — *Coruscum Extulit*.....  
*abdidit ensem*. *Ensem* belongs to both  
 verbs, *coruscum* only to *extulit*. *Ex-*  
*tulit (ensem) coruscum*, because the  
 very act of drawing the sword made it  
 sparkle ; *abdidit ensem* (no longer  
*coruscum*), because the very act of  
 plunging it (or stowing it away, see  
 note, En. i, 60,) into the side, caused  
 it to cease to sparkle.

In order, if possible, to preserve in  
 the translation the accuracy of the  
 original, I have here ventured even to  
 deviate a little from the English idiom ;  
 if, however, the reader is too much at-  
 tached to the English (inaccurate)  
 form of expression, to endure the least  
 deviation from it, even for the sake of  
 accuracy, my temerity is of easy cor-  
 rection by the least skilful hand ;

Drew with right the sparkling blade,  
 And plunged it in his side, &c.

If it be not mere supererogation to  
 refer to instances of a similar beautiful  
 accuracy of language in a writer,  
 whose language is always super-emi-  
 nently accurate, I would here refer the  
 reader to the special apposition of  
*bellatrix* to *aurea cingula*, and of *virgo*  
 to *viris*, En. i, 493 ; to the junction of  
*Fortuna* with the two verbs *finxit* and  
*finget*, and of *improba* with the latter  
 only, En. ii, 80 ; to the similar junc-  
 tion of *interclusit* and *terrui* with  
*illos*, and of *interclusit* alone with  
*euntes*, En. ii, 110 ; to the precise  
*intorserit hastam*, *laeserit cuspide*, En.  
 ii, 230 ; and to the, if possible, still  
 more precise, *fundere lumen apex*....  
*lambere flamma*, En. ii, 682, where  
 see note also : to the observations  
 in note, En. ii, 273, on *raptaverat*  
*Hectora* .... *Exanimum* ..... *corpus ven-*  
*debat*, En. i, 483 ; and to En. ii, 758,  
 and note.



Removed by lot, when he had seen Troy's flames,  
 And Pergamus laid prostrate ; Asia's ruler, 660  
 Once with so many lands, superb, and peoples :  
 (b) A huge trunk on the shore he lies ; a head  
 Torn from the shoulders ; without name, a body.

‘ But me stern horror, then first time, environed ;  
 Aghast I stood ; rose, imaged to my mind, 665  
 My own dear sire, when I beheld the king,  
 Co-aged, at cruel wound his life exhaling ;  
 Rose, too, forlorn Creusa, my house sacked,  
 And the unhappy chance of little Iulus.  
 Mine eye reverted asks what strength I muster : 670  
 All, weary, have deserted me, and, leaping,  
 Their bodies to the ground flung, or resigned them,  
 Sickened, to the flames. And now I was survivor  
 Sole, when in Vesta's precinct I behold  
 Tyndaris housed, and in the secret seat 675  
 (c) Silently lurking, (the bright conflagration  
 Me roaming lights, and on all things mine eyes  
 Everywhere casting) : she, the Teucrian wreak  
 For Pergamus o'erthrown, and of the Danaï  
 The penalties, and her deserted lord's wrath, 680  
 Fearing with all fear, Troy's and fatherland's  
 (d) Common Erinys, had herself away put,  
 And out of sight was sitting by the altar.

(b) V. 557.—*Jacet ingens littore truncus*, &c. See note, En. ii, 453. *decapitated body*, but *the head* also, lies upon the shore.

Sir J. Denham's fine line, borrowed by Dryden,

A headless carcase, and a nameless thing, unfortunately falls short of Virgil's meaning, which is, that not only the

(c) V. 569.—*Dant clara incendia lucem*. *Incendia lumen Praebabant*. Ovid, *Metam.* ii, 331.

(d) V. 574.—*Abdiderat*. See note, En. i, 60.



My soul takes fire; rises my wrath, to avenge  
 My falling country, and the wicked punish:— 685  
 “Unscathed forsooth this wretch shall Sparta see,  
 And fatherland Mycenæ; house behold,  
 And sons and sires and wedlock, and a queen  
 In triumph go, by Ilian dames in crowds,  
 Lackeyed, and Phrygian serfs; and by the sword 690  
 Priam have fallen! and Troy been burnt with fire!  
 And sweat with blood so oft Dardania’s shore!  
 Never; for though, by woman’s chastisement,  
 No name, of memory, won; nor counted glorious  
 Such victory; I shall be praised this sin 695  
 To have extinguished, and inflicted just pains:  
 ’Twill gratify, to have given my soul its fill  
 Of vengeance-flame, and glutted my kin’s cinders.”  
 With such ejaculation I was rushing  
 Infuriate, when, (not to mine ears so clear 700  
 Erst,) offered herself visible, and shone  
 In pure light mid the night, my bounteous parent,  
 Confest a Goddess, and such and so great  
 As to heaven’s winners she is used appear;  
 And with right hand me caught held, and thus, further,  
 Added with rosy mouth:—“My son, what so  
 Great smart this ire ungoverned rouses? Why  
 (e) Ragest? or whither fled of us thy care?  
 Wilt not first cast a look where thou hast left  
 Thine age-tired sire, Anchises? if survives 710  
 Thy spouse Creusa, or thy boy Ascanius?

(e) V. 595.—*Nostri*. Throughout not, *herself alone*, but *herself and*  
 the rest of her speech, Venus speaks *Anchises, and, perhaps, the other*  
 of herself in the singular number; by *members of Eneas’s family*. See vers.  
 the plural *nostri* therefore she means, 740.



Whom round on all sides scour the Graian squadrons,  
And, but my care resisted, who had perished  
In the flames ere now, or by the foeman's sword.

Not Spartan Tyndaris' hated loveliness, 715  
Nor inculpated Paris, but the Gods',

(f) The Gods' inclemency this opulent greatness  
O'erturns, and, from its summit, prostrates Troy.

(g)(h) Behold! (for all, which, fore thee, as thou look'st,  
Drawn, dulls thy mortal vision, and, damp, spreads 720  
Darkness around, that cloud I will away snatch;  
Thou any bidding fear not, of thy parent,  
Nor to her precepts, to obey refuse :)  
Here, where thou see'st these flung-asunder masses,  
These rocks from rocks away torn, and, with dust 725  
Mixed, the smoke waving, Neptune shakes the walls,  
And ground-works with his mighty trident emoved,  
And from its seat o'ertumbles the whole city :  
Here Juno's fiercest leading holds the Scaean,

(i) And furent, her bands sociate from the ships 730  
Calls, sword-girt : on the highest citadel already

(k)(l) Tritonian (back thy look cast,) Pallas sits (m)

(f) V. 603.—*Opes*. See note, En. i, 364.

(g) V. 604.—*Aspice*, &c. Independently of the defence, of which Virgil's account of the taking of Troy is otherwise capable (see note, vers. 5), the poet, calling in the hostile Gods, and even Jupiter himself, to aid in the taking and destruction of the city, already (vers. 351,) deserted by its own Gods, seems to be invulnerably armed against the assaults of those critics, who, with Napoleon at their head (see note, vers. 5,) insist that his whole narrative is unstrategical, incredible, impossible.

(h) V. 604.—*Omnem, quae nunc..... nubem eripiam*. Here, as in several other places, (see vers. 471 and note; also vers. 552 and note,) I have endeavored to transfer to the English, not merely the meaning, but the very involution, of Virgil's words.

(i) V. 613.—*A navibus; from the ships; i. e. from the encampment beside the ships*, which, sciz. were drawn up on the strand. See note, vers. 30. Dryden, with his usual incorrectness :  
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.

(k) V. 615.—*Respice*. The commentators, forgetting that Venus has just

(l) (m) For these references see next page.



(n) Mistress; with nimb, effulgent, and stern Gorgon:

Himself, the Sire, spirit and prosperous strength

taken away the cloud which dimmed Eneas's mortal vision, and told him to *behold with his eyes* (*Aspice*, vers. 604,) understand *respice* in its secondary or derived sense only. "*Respicerere* ist nicht *aspicere*, das schon Gegenwärtige ansehen," Thiel; who, having thus told us what the meaning of the word is not, proceeds to say what its meaning is, sciz. "gib wohl Acht;" and, wholly unmindful of the context, adds, "*Respice* konnte Venus sagen, ohne schon die Sache selbst zu zeigen." But Virgil knew better than to clog the action of his piece, at the most excited moment, with a weak admonition to *pay attention*, and makes Venus say, not "*merke wohl auf*" (Forgiber), but, (as *respexeris*, Bucol. viii, 102; *respexit*, Georg. iv, 491, &c.) *Respice*, look behind thee, where *jam* (already) *Tritonian Pallas*, &c. Thus understood, *respice* has a true picturesque and dramatic effect, and corresponds exactly to *Aspice*, vers. 604; the meaning being, *Aspice*, see here before thee, Neptune overturning the walls and foundations of the city, and Juno calling on the enemy to the gates; and, *respice*, see there behind thee, Pallas already in possession of the citadel. It is singular, and almost incredible, yet, I think, true, that this is the meaning of *respicerere*, in the very passage (En. iii, 593,) quoted by Thiel and Forbiger, to prove that its meaning in the passage before us is "*merke wohl auf*." For an instance, in which the commentators have made the precisely opposite mistake with respect to *aspicere*, see note, vers. 283.

(l) V. 615.—*Respice*. Observe the effective position of this word; sciz. immediately before the object to which it points, *Pallas*, and immediately after the words exciting expectation, *Jam summas arces, Tritonia*. See vers. 204, and note.

(m) V. 616.—*Insedit*. Dryden here, as at vers. 613, (where see note,) a more literal interpreter than wont, presents us with this *Virgilian* picture:—

See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,  
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud.

(n) V. 616.—*Nimbo*. Here again, (our language possessing no terms distinctive of the different species of clouds,) I have been obliged, rather than misrepresent, or leave unexpressed, Virgil's meaning, to form a word from his own word. The *nimbus* is a circumscribed cloud, generally charged with hail, (En. v, 458); or thunder (En. ii, 113); or both (En. iv, 120); and, less frequent and formidable in the misty skies of these northern regions, well known and much dreaded under a clearer heaven, and in a warmer climate.

Sometimes the *nimbus* is small; "arisseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand" (I Kings, xviii, 44), and, like a racer, courier, or messenger, rapidly traverses the clear sky, from one side to the other. To such a *nimbus*, (sciz. on account of its direct and rapid motion,) racers leaving the goal are compared, En. v, 317; with such a *nimbus* Juno girds herself, when she descends from heaven to the Trojan camp (*agens hiemem, nimbo succincta*. En. x, 634): by such a *nimbus* Romulus is covered, and hid from the eyes of the bystanders, when he disappears from among men, (*subitò, coorta tempestas, cum magno fragore tonitribusque, tam denso regem operuit nimbo, ut conspectum ejus concioni abstulerit; nec deinde in terris Romulus fuit*. Livy, i, 16); and in the midst of such a *nimbus* is Pallas, in the passage before us, manifested to Eneas, by the miraculous agency of Venus. The encounter of two such *nimbi* was, perhaps, the only natural object with



Suffices to the Danaï; himself

735

Raises the Gods against the Dardan arms :

which it was possible for Milton to have compared, without detracting from the dignity of either antagonist, the encounter of Death and Satan at the gates of hell :—

As when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air.

*Parad. Lost*, ii. 714.

Sometimes the *nimbus*, whether it be of separate formation, or produced by the coalition of several smaller *nimbi* into one, is so large as to cover the whole visible hemisphere. The darkness, produced by a *nimbus* of such magnitude, is equal to the darkness of night, and the hailstones or torrents of rain, which it discharges, destroy crops and roads, and carry away walls and bridges, and houses.

Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere *nimbus*,  
It mare per medium; miseris heu praescia  
longè  
Horrescunt corda agricolis; dabit ille ruinas  
Arboribus, stragemque satis; *ruet omnia latè*.  
*En.* xii, 451.

The damage occasioned by a vast *nimbus*, which, in 1788, traversed and ravaged a great part of France, has been estimated by M. Arago at 24,962,000 francs. See article Meteorology, in *Encycl. Metropol.*, vol. v, p. 129. See also *ibid.* p. 150, et seq., for a philosophical account of *nimbi*, chiefly extracted from the essay, read by Mr. Howard before the Askesian society, 1802—3.

Servius and some other commentators have thought, that the *nimbus*, in the passage before us, is the *halo*, *glory*, or *luminous circle*, with which, in ancient no less than modern times, the heads of deities and eminent personages were represented surrounded. From this opinion, however, I must wholly dissent; 1st. Because I am not aware of any classical authority for the use of *nimbus* in this sense. 2ndly.

Because, however suitable a *luminous halo* might have been to Pallas under other circumstances, it would have been wholly unsuitable here, where it is plainly the intention of the poet to represent the Goddess clad in her terrors. It was not the *mild, graceful, and benignant halo*, but the *storm-cloud, terrific in its appearance, and devastating in its effects*, which would harmonise with the *Gorgon*. Even if otherwise suitable, the *halo* would have been but a poor, unmeaning, scarcely noticeable additament, in the midst of the burning city, and other grand objects surrounding. 3rdly. Because where, as already quoted, Juno descends from heaven, *nimbo succincta*, the *nimbus* is not the *halo*, but the *storm-cloud*, as is placed beyond doubt by the immediately adjoining *agens hiemem*, and the subsequent (vv. 664, 5,) *nubi atrae* and *turbo*.

If it be objected, that the *nimbus* of Pallas was not, like that of Juno, *stormy and black*, but *effulgent*; I reply, 1st. That a *nimbus*, consisting (like any other cloud,) only of perfectly transparent, colorless, particles, has no color except that which it derives from other objects, either by transmission or reflection; that its usual blackness depends altogether on its usual position between the beholder and the sun; and that, when placed in such a position as to reflect the rays of the sun to the beholder, it may appear not only luminous, but even colored. 2ndly. That the *nimbus* of Juno, in the passage above quoted, is correctly represented as *black*, because being immediately above the heads of the Trojans, it intercepted the light of the sun, or at least that of the sky: and 3rdly. That Virgil (*a*) could not represent the *nimbus* of Pallas as black, because there was no light, either of the sun, or sky, whose interception



Then snatch swift flight my son ; end to thy toil put :  
 I will be absent never, and will place thee  
 Safe on patern sill." Into night's thick shades,  
 (o) This said, she derved : the faces dire appear, 740  
 And great Gods' deities unfriend to Troy.

' Meseemed all Ilium then indeed to sink  
 In fire, and from its base to be o'erturned  
 (p) Neptunian Troy : as, in the high mountains, hinds  
 Urge, emulous, to fell some ancient ash, 745  
 Accised with frequent axe-iron bipennate :  
 It threatens still, and trembles with its hair,

might cause it to appear so ; and (b) was under the necessity (even if it had not been, otherwise, what was precisely most suitable to the action of his drama,) to represent it, as luminous *essentially*, or *per se*, for the very same reason as he had previously represented Venus herself as refulgent *purâ in luce*, sciz. in order to afford some explanation how Eneas was enabled (even after his eyes had been miraculously opened,) to discern the object at all. Or, to make my meaning clearer ; it being night when Eneas's eyes were opened, the objects, which Venus wished him to see, could not be discerned, unless they were either luminous in themselves, or illuminated by a supernatural day ; but the production of a supernatural day, for the purpose of exhibiting a few objects, not only was unnecessary, but would have been ineffectual and even absurd, because Eneas's attention would have been distracted by the multitude of indifferent objects, presented to his view at once. The poet, therefore, renders the objects visible by the simplest, shortest, and most effectual contrivance, sciz. by making them luminous *per se*. He does not, indeed, specify the luminous-

ness of *all* the objects, thus presented miraculously to Eneas's view, the *ratio poetica* not requiring so great particularity ; but, having specified and explained with respect to one, leaves the reader to apply that explanation to the rest.

Wagner's *rationale* of the effulgence of Pallas's *nimbus*, sciz. *that it was produced by the reflection of the flames of the city*, however it might have been accepted, if the *nimbus* had been real, is not only absurd, as applied to an unreal and visionary *nimbus*, visible to Eneas alone, but altogether unworthy of the grandeur of the scene and epopee.

The nature of the *nimbus* being such as described above, the reader will perceive the propriety with which Virgil (En. i, 51. et seq.,) assigns to the *nimbi* and the *tempestates* a common country, and a common king.

For a similar instance of a cloud luminous *per se*, see En. vii, 142.

(o) V. 621. — *Condidit*. See note, vers. 401.

(p) V. 626. — *Summis....in montibus*. Somewhere on, or among, the high mountains, the precise situation being fixed by the subsequent *jugis*. See third note, vers. 631.



And nods its concussed top, then wound-subdued  
 (q)(r) Gradual, hath groaned its loud last, and, avulsed,  
 (s) On the high slope hath ruined. I descend, 750  
 And by the leading Goddess, twixt the flames  
 (t) Am expedite, and foes; the weapons give  
 Room, and the flames retire; but, when whole way  
 Arrived the precinct of the ancient seat,  
 And home patern, my sire, whom, 'tis my wish, first,  
 To bear to the lofty mountains, and whom first  
 I seek, nays absolute to outlive Troy's rase,  
 And suffer exile:—"Ye, of unimpaired  
 Young blood," he says, "whose solid vigor stands

(q) V. 631.—*Congemuit*; not merely groaned, but groaned loudly; as it were with all its force collected into one last effort. See note, En. ii, 50.

(r) V. 631.—*Avulsa*. The process of felling (*eruer*) a tree, commenced by hewing the tree partially through, near the root, (*accisam*), is completed by breaking it off, and tearing it away (*avulsa*), from the stump, sciz. by means of a rope put round its upper part.

The tree being torn, not from the *juga*, but from its own stump, the structure is, not *avulsa jugis*, but *traxit jugis ruinam*, fell there on the *juga*.

(s) V. 631.—*Jugis*. *Jugum montis*, or *jugum collis*, so called, as I have no doubt, from its resemblance to the *jugum* (yoke or saddle,) of a harness, is strictly, any part of the superficies of a hill or mountain, which joins (yokes,) the slope by which the mountain is ascended on the one side, with the slope by which it is descended on the other. In a less strict sense, the term is applied to the slopes themselves, (the limits between them and the top being frequently very indiscernible), and to any protuberance, ridge, or brow, except the vertex, to which, as bearing no resemblance to a yoke, or

saddle, the term is never applied, and from which Livy has expressly distinguished the *jugum*; *Ni jugo circummissus Vejens in verticem collis evasisset*. ii, 50. This term once rightly understood, we are in a condition to perceive the full picturesque force of the expression, *traxit jugis ruinam*, in the passage before us; of *per juga Cynthi*, En. i, 498; *Dum juga montis aper..... amabit*. Bucol. v, 76; *Mollique jugum demittere clivo*. Bucol. ix, 8. *Erravere jugis*. En. xi, 135. *Immensis jugis tumet Ida*. Ovid. Epist. v, 138; and numerous other passages, in which the term occurs; also to understand why the Roman historians describe the *juga montium* and *juga collium*, as so frequently affording advantageous positions, not only to small bodies of soldiers, but even (Livy. xlv, 2,) to large armies.

The English language, so much more, than has been usually supposed, defective in copiousness than the Latin, has no term, nor so much even as a periphrasis, to express this favorite complex idea of the Latin poets and historians.

(t). V. 633.—*Expedior*. See note, vers. 299.



Self-strong, fly ye : me had heaven's habitants 760  
 Willed to live on, they had preserved to me  
 This home ; enough, more than enough, we have seen  
 One rasure, once survived the captive city ;  
 Bid to my corpse thus, O ! thus placed, farewell,  
 And go : I, with my hand, will find death ; the enemy  
 Will pity, and seek spoils ; the loss I reckon not,  
 Of sepulchre : hateful to heaven, and useless,  
 Long years I clog, since when the sire of Gods,  
 (u) And king of men, blew on me with the blast,  
 And touched me with the levin, of his thunder." 770  
 So he persists assevering, and remains  
 Immovable ; we, contrary, in tears  
 Are effused, spouse Creusa, and Ascanius,  
 And the whole house, that, with himself, the sire  
 Would not o'erturn all, and make more to press 775  
 Fate's pressure : he nays peremptory ; adheres  
 To his begin and same seat : I to arms  
 Again rush ; and, most miserable, wish  
 Death ; for what counsel now allowed, or fortune ?  
 " And hast expected, sire, that I one foot 780  
 Could stir, thou left behind ? or hath so great  
 Sin from paternal mouth fallen ? if Heaven pleases  
 Of so great city should be left no remnant,  
 And this sits in thy mind fixed, and to add  
 Thyself and thine to perishing Troy agrees thee, 785  
 The way lies open to that death ; and straight  
 From Priam's much blood Pyrrhus will be here,  
 Who kills, before the father's face, the son,

(u) V. 649.—*Fulminis afflavit ventis, et contigit igni.* Referring *igni* (along with *ventis*,) to *fulminis*, we avoid the unintelligible opposition between *fulminis* and *igni*, created by those who confine the words to two distinct sentences.



The father at the altar. Was it then  
 For this, O bounteous mother ! that through weapons  
 And flames thou snatchest me, that I may see  
 In midmost penetral the foe, may see  
 Ascanius, and my sire, and by their side  
 Creusa, butchered, each in the other's blood ?  
 Bring arms, ye brave, bring arms ; the last day calls  
 The conquered ; give me to the Danaï back ;  
 Let me again the instaurated battle  
 Visit ; never shall all of us to-day  
 Die unrevenged." Here, am I with the sword  
 Again girt, and my left, adapted, arm 800  
 Was in the shield inserting, and the house forth  
 Rushing, but, lo ! upon the sill, my wife  
 Clung, my feet clasping, and the little Iulus  
 Stretched to his sire :—" Part'st thou to die, us too  
 Snatch with thee into all haps ; but, experienced, 805  
 Placest, in arms assumed, some hope, this house  
 Protect first : little Iulus to whom left ?  
 To whom thy sire ; and I, erst called thy wife ?"

‘ As, with such groan, Creusa, the whole house,  
 Vociferous, filled, arose a sudden portent, 810  
 Miraculous to tell ; for, mid the hands,  
 And fore the very face of his sad parents,  
 Behold ! from tip-top of Iulus' head,  
 (v)(x) A weightless apex seemed to pour a flood

(v) V. 683.—*Fundere lumen apex*..... nomenon, luminous at the centre, and  
*Lambere flamma comas*. Not two dis- flammeous at the circumference. See  
 tinct phenomena, one, a stalk, or tige, note, En. ii, 522.  
 of light, and the other, a flame licking  
 the hair ; but, (*flamma* being placed in  
 apposition with *apex*,) one single phe- (x) V. 683.—*Apex*.....*innoxia*.....  
*Lambere flamma*. Γλῶσσαι ὡσεὶ πυρός.  
 Acts of the Apostles, ii, 3.



Of light around, and, with innoxious flame, 815  
Lick his soft hair, and feed about his temples.

Pavid with fear we flurry, and the blazing  
Locks haste to shake, and, with the fount, to extinguish  
The holy fire ; but to the stars Anchises

Sire hath his eyes in joy lift, and palms stretched 820

(y) With voice, toward heaven :—" Almighty Jupiter,  
If any prayers may bend thee, look upon us,  
Look only ; and if, pious, we deserve so,  
Then, father, give thine aid, and ratify  
These omens." Scarce had spoke these words the senior,  
When, on the left, with sudden crash it thundered,

(z) And, from the sky elapsed, a star, torch-trailing,  
With much light through the shade ran ; we behold it,

(a) Gliding above the highest roof-top, plunge  
Bright in the Idaean wood, marking our way ; 830  
Its furrow then, long-limited, gives light,

(y) V. 689.—*Jupiter omnipotens*, &c. Observe the words, *Jupiter omnipotens*, (expressive of the power to relieve, even in so desperate an extremity,) joined to all the verbs in the sentence; the word *pater*, (moving to exert that power,) joined only to the immediate prayer of the petition, *Da deinde auxilium, atque haec omina firma*.

(z) V. 694.—*Stella.....Signantemque vias*. Καὶ ἰδὼς, ὁ ἀστὴρ, ὃν εἶδον ἐν τῇ ἀναβολῇ, προῆγεν αὐτὸς, ἕως ἐλθὼν ἐστὶ ἐπάνω οὗ ἦν τὸ παιδίον. Matth. ii, 9

In *Saunders's News-Letter*, of July 25, 1844, there is, in an extract from a letter, the following account of a meteor, seen almost on the same spot, and presenting precisely the same appearances as that seen by Eneas :—

"CONSTANTINOPLE, JULY 3.—On Sunday last, five minutes before sunset, we had a splendid sight here. The atmosphere was hazy, but without

cloud. Thermometer about 90°. An immense meteor, like a gigantic Congreve rocket, darted, with a rushing noise, from east to west. Its lightning course was marked by a streak of fire, and, after a passage of some forty or fifty degrees, it burst like a bombshell, but without detonation; lighting up the hemisphere with the brilliancy of the noon-day sun. On its disappearance, a white vapour remained in its track, and was visible for nearly half an hour. Everybody thought it was just before his eyes, but it was seen by persons twelve and fifteen miles to the northward, in the same apparent position, and positively the self-same phenomenon. Many of the vulgar look upon it as a very bad omen, whilst others attribute it to the warm weather, which continues. The thermometer stands, at this moment, at 91° in the shade, and in the coolest spot could be selected."

(a) V. 696.—*Condere*. See note, vers. 401.



And wide the places round fume sulphurous.  
 Vanquished the sire then toward the open air  
 Rises; the Gods addresses; and adores  
 The holy star:—"Now, now there is no hindrance; 835  
 I follow, and, where'er ye lead, am present;  
 (b) Gods of my Fathers, save my family,  
 My grandson save; yours is this augury,  
 And in your guardage Troy; I yield indeed,  
 Nor to go comrade with thee, son, refuse." 840  
 When he had thus said, clearer through the city  
 Already is the flame heard, nearer rolls  
 Its heat the conflagration:—"Father, dear,  
 Come then, upon my neck be placed; myself  
 Will undergo with shoulders; nor will that 845  
 Toil irk: tide what tide may, one common risk  
 Befalls us twain, one safety: little Iulus  
 Shall be my comrade, and afar my wife  
 Keeps in my footsteps: menials, hear, and mark;  
 Greeting the traveller from the city, stands 850  
 Not distant far, the tumulus, and old  
 Fane of deserted Ceres; and, close by,  
 An ancient cypress, by our ancestors'  
 Piety preserved through many a bygone year;  
 That trysting-place by different routes we reach. 855  
 Thou, father, in thy hand, the holy gear  
 Take, and our sires' Penates; I, from fresh  
 Carnage of so great battle, touch not, sinless,

(b) V. 702.—*Servate domum.* *Domum* is here, not *dwelling-house*, because Anchises is leaving his dwelling-house in the certainty of its being destroyed by the Greeks, but, either *family*, as *omnis domus*, vers. 652; or *race, lineage*, as *domus Assaraci*, En. i, 284. The thought is carried on, and completed in the succeeding *nepotem*, sciz. the hope of the *family*, or *lineage*.



Before ablution in the living stream."

This said, with vest and tawny lion's pell 860

My shoulders broad and bended nape are spread,

And I take on my burden ; little Iulus

Links in my right hand, and with shorter steps

Follows his sire ; my wife comes on behind :

Through parts opaque we bear ; and me, whom late 865

No showering missiles ruffled, nor adverse

Glomerate of Graian troop, now every air

Frights, every sound alarms ; suspense, and fearful

Alike for my companion and my load.

(c) And now the gates I neared, and the whole way 870

Seemed to have made good, when a frequent foot-tramp

Close to our ears seemed, sudden ; and the sire,

Onward, the shade through, looking, " Son," exclaims,

" Flee, son ; they are approaching : I discern

The blazing bucklers, and the glancing brass." 875

Here, from me trepidant some power malign

Reft the dazed wit ; for, as beyond the road's

(d) Known line, my course, through tracklessness I follow,

(e) Ah ! by a wretched fate snatched, whether stopped

(c) V. 731.—*Evasisse*. See note, vers. 458.

(d) V. 737.—*Regione viarum*. *Regio*, here, (as well as in the numerous other instances in which it is joined with *via* by Latin authors,) is taken, not in its derived sense of *region*, or *district*, but in its primitive sense, of *line*, or *direction*. This primitive sense of *regio*, wholly omitted by the other Latin lexicographers, is thus defined by Gesner, in his excellent Thesaurus. "*Regio*, dicta a *regendo* ; *linea*, mente concepta, quâ vel indicamus loca, ut plagas, ventos, orientem, aquilonem ;

vel circumscribimus, ut terminis et finibus." Virgil's commentators seem to have been equally ignorant of the primitive sense of *regio*, and of its being always used in the primitive sense when joined with *via*.

(e) V. 738.—*Hœu ! misero conjux*, &c. I join *misero*, not, (with Heyne and the other commentators,) to *mihi* understood, but to *fato* ;

1st. Because it were unnecessary, and, therefore, egotistical, in Eneas so soon to repeat the expression of his grief, already sufficiently expressed in



- Creusa spouse, or devious strayed, or down 880  
 (f) Sate tired, is doubt; nor was she to our eyes  
 Restored thereafter; nor upon our loss  
 Cast I look backward, or reflective thought,  
 Ere to the tumulus and sacred seat  
 Arrived of ancient Ceres: to us, here 885  
 At last collected all, wants only her,  
 Deceptive of companions, son, and husband.  
 Whom, man or God, upbraided I not, raving?  
 What crueller saw I in the everted city?  
 Ascanius, sire Anchises, and the Teucrian 890  
 (g) Penates, to my sociates I commend,

the word, *Heu!* in itself equivalent to *Heu me miserum!*

2ndly. If *misero* belong to *mihi* understood, Virgil represents Eneas as lamenting the loss of Creusa altogether on his own account, without a single expression of sympathy for Creusa's own suffering and misfortune; *quod incredibile*.

3rdly. In the accurate language of Virgil, (see note, vers. 552,) *erepta mihi misero* would mean *snatched from me, thereby rendered wretched at the very instant*; which does not agree with the fact, that Creusa was not missed until some time afterwards.

The words *Misero fato erepta* belong equally to the three verbs, *substitit*, *erravit*, and *lassa resedit*, expressive of the three most probable causes of Creusa's having been *misero fato erepta*; either, sciz. that she had stopped, (not *wishing*, for some reason or other, to proceed further); or that she had strayed; or that, wearied, and not *able* to proceed further, she had sat down.

This, perhaps, is the proper place to observe, that there seems to be no ground whatever for the charge which has so frequently been brought against

Eneas, that he deserted, or at least neglected, his wife. It was necessary to divide the party, in order the better to escape observation by the Greeks, and not only the greater imbecility of, but stronger natural tie to, the father and the child, rendered it imperative to bestow the first and chief care on them. If Eneas's direction that Creusa should keep, not merely *behind*, but *far behind* (*longe servet vestigia conjux*), excite animadversion, I beg to suggest, that it was indispensable that the separation should be to some considerable distance, not merely in order to ensure its being effectual for the purpose above mentioned, but in order to afford Creusa herself the chance of escape, in case of the miscarriage of those who led the way.

(f) V. 740.—*Oculis....nostris*. Not, to Eneas's own eyes, but, to the eyes of the party. See note, vers. 595.

(g) V. 748.—*Commendo sociis*, &c. The *epexegetis* occurs no less than four times within the space of the seven following lines. (a) *Commendo sociis, et curvâ valle recondo*, not, *commend to my sociates, and then hide in a*



- (h) And, plunged in curved vale, hide ; myself in arms  
 Fulgent am girt, and seek again the city ;  
 Resolved all chances to renew, through all  
 Troy to return, and to the risks again 895  
 My head present. The walls first I reseek,  
 And dark gate-threshold, where my steps had out-passed ;  
 And I observe, and, backward with mine eye  
 Tracing, my foot-marks follow through the night :  
 Horror on all sides, even the very silence 900  
 Appals the soul : thence home ; if thither, chance,  
 If chance she had returned ; the Danaï  
 Had rushed into, and occupy the whole house :
- (i) Instant, the fire devouring, to the highest
- (k) Roof-slope is by the wind rolled ; overmaster 905  
 The flames, and rage and estuate to the air :

*curved valley, but, having first hid, &c. then commend, &c. (b) Ipse urbem repeto, et cingor fulgentibus armis ; not, reseek the city, and then am girt, &c., but, first am girt, &c., and then reseek the city. (c) Stat casus renovare omnes, &c., not, Am resolved to renew all chances, and then return, &c. but, Am resolved to renew all chances, by returning, &c. (d) Principio muros, &c., not, first seek the walls, &c., and then trace back my foot-marks ; but, trace back my foot-marks to the walls, &c.*

(h) V. 748.—*Recondo*. See note, vers. 401.

(i) V. 758.—*Ilicet ignis edax, &c.* Observe the accuracy of description ; 1st. The term *edax*, (*devouring, or consumptive of material,*) is applied not to the *flammae*, or the *aestus*, but, with great precision, to the *ignis*, or fire properly so called. 2ndly. The *ignis edax* (*consuming fire*), which could not exist where there was

nothing to consume, is, with equal precision, represented as carried only *summa ad fastigia*. 3rdly. The *flammae*, (*flames of the fire,*) *exsuperant*, (*overtop,*) the *summa fastigia*. 4thly. The *aestus*, *estuation*, (*seething and crackling,*) *furit ad auras*, (*rages not only above the actual ignis, but to the utmost limits of, and, if it can be so imagined, above the over-topping flammae.*) 5thly. The action of the wind, which, according to the well-known principles of modern science, is favorable and necessary to the development and progress of *combustion (ignis)*, but unfavorable to, and destructive of, *flames and heat considered separately from the combustion*, is, with surprising fidelity to nature, limited by the poet to the *ignis edax*. See note, vers. 552.

(k) V. 759.—*Exsuperant flammae ; furit aestus ad auras*.

Die Flamme prasselnd schon zum Himmel schlug.

Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*, Act v.



- Thence, onward, to the citadel again,  
 And Priam's seat : and now in Juno's void  
 Asylum-porticoes, selected guards,  
 Phoenix and dire Ulysses, watched the booty : 910  
 Hither, from every side, the wealth of Troy,  
 Torn from the burning shrines, is heaped together,  
 And tables of the Gods, and solid gold  
 Goblets, and captive raiment ; boys, around,  
 And pavid mothers stand, in long array. 915  
 Even dared I voices through the shade to fling ;  
 I filled the streets with shout, and sorrowful,  
 (l) Again, again, in vain redoubling, called  
 Creusa. To me, as I searched, and through  
 The city's houses endless raged, appeared, 920  
 Before mine eyes, the hapless simulachre,  
 And shadow of Creusa self, and image  
 Larger than known ; and, as I stood aghast,  
 With bristling hair, and voice cleaved to my throat,  
 In care-unloading words me thus addressed :— 925  
 “ Of what avail, O sweet spouse, so to indulge  
 An insane grief ? not, without Heaven's will, these  
 (m) Happen ; nor suffers thee, His ordinance,

(l) V. 769. — *Creusam Nequidquam ingeminans*, &c. Compare Orpheus calling on Eurydice, in the fourth Georgic, and Pope's fine imitation :—

Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains, rung.

(m) V. 778.—*Nec te comitem portare Creusam Fas ; aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi*. This sentence consists of two clauses, the former of which, ending at *fas*, declares that it is not lawful for Eneas to bear Creusa

with him as his companion ; the second explains why it is not ; viz., because contrary to the will of the supreme ruler of Olympus. This is according to Virgil's usual method, of first presenting his reader with the general idea, and afterwards explaining and particularising ; see notes, vv. 18 and 51 ; also, note, En. i, 496. Wunderlich, Wagner, and those other critics, who, adopting the suggestion of Heinsius, and placing only a comma at *fas*, refer that word to *sinit*, and not



Who rules supern Olympus, comrade hence  
 To bear Creusa: exile long is thine, 930  
 And to be ploughed a champaign vast of sea;  
 And to the land Hesperian thou shalt come,  
 (n)(o) Amid the opime fields of whose sons where flows, (p)

to *est* understood, (a) substitute for Virgil's poetical structure the prosaic structure of an ordinary writer, and, (b) by uniting *fas* to *regnator* by means of the copulative *aut*, make it necessary to understand *fas* as something distinct and separate from the *will* of Jupiter, contrary to the well-known religious doctrine of the Romans, that *fas* was nothing more nor less than the *declared will* of that deity. As I could not transfer the structure of the Latin sentence into the translation, without the, almost, certainty of leading the reader into the error, committed by the above-mentioned eminent scholars, viz., that of supposing that there were two distinct obstacles to Eneas's carrying Creusa with him, *fas*, and *the will of Jupiter*, I have followed the English idiom, and expressed, in a sentence consisting only of a single clause, the meaning of the two clauses of the Latin sentence, sciz. that the *fas*, which prevented Eneas to take Creusa with him, was *the will, ordinance, or decree of Jupiter*.

(n) V. 781.—*Ubi Lydius, arva Inter opima virum, leni fluit agmine Tybris.*

Wo jetzt die Muotta zwischen Wiesen rinnt.  
*Schiller, Wilhelm Tell, Act ii.*

(o) V. 781.—*Arva...opima.* "Fruitful fields." Surrey. *Opimus* is, not *fruitful*, but, *in prime condition*; in that condition, sciz. of which fruitfulness is the consequence. Land is *opima* (*in prime condition, or of the best quality,*) before it bears, and even before the seed is put into it; it is not *fruitful* until it bears. *Opimus* has precisely the same meaning when

applied to animals; viz., *in prime condition*; not, as incorrectly stated by Gesner, Forcellini, and all lexicographers, *fat*; *fatness* being only one of the qualities necessary to entitle an animal to be styled *opimus*. This primitive sense of *opimus*, (to which its meanings, in the expressions *spolia opima, opima facundia, &c.*, are but secondary,) is expressed in French by the phrase *en bon point*. The English language possessing no term corresponding to *opimus*, I have thought it better to form a word directly from the Latin, than to misrepresent Virgil's meaning, by the use of an inadequate term.

Dryden has his reward with the English reader, for giving himself no trouble about such niceties, but substituting at once, for the Virgilian thought, whatever idea, suited *ad captum vulgi*, came first into his mind.

Where gentle Tyber from his bed beholds  
 The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.

Virgil is innocent of all but the first three words.

See next note.

(p) V. 781.—*Arva Inter opima virum.* With Heyne I refer *virum* to *arva*, and not, with Burmann and Forcellini, to *opima*.

1st. Because Virgil, on the other occasions on which he has used the word *opimus*, has used it absolutely.

2ndly. Because *opimus*, in the forty examples of its use quoted by the industry of Forcellini, stands absolute in thirty-eight, and only in two is connected with a case, which case is not the genitive, but the ablative.

3rdly. Because, even although it had



With soft march, Lydian Tyber ; for thee, there,

Prosperity provided, and a kingdom,

935

(q) And royal spouse : drive off these tears for chosen-

(r) Beloved Creusa : I, a Dardanis ;

Of Goddess Venus, by my marriage, daughter ;

Shall not the proud seats Myrmidon behold,

Or of the Dolops ; or to Graian dame

940

Go bondslave ; but me in these coasts detains

The great God-genetrix : and now, farewell,

And the love cherish of our common son."

(s)(t) When she had thus said, she deserted me

been the practice of Virgil, or of other good authors, to join *opimus* to the genitive, the phrase *opima virum* were neither elegant nor poetic.

4thly. Because *opima*, taken absolutely, is in perfect unison with the plain intention of the apparition, sciz. to recommend Hesperia to Eneas ; taken in connection with *virum*, contradicts that intention, a country being the less eligible to new settlers, in the direct ratio in which it is already *opima virum*.

See preceding note.

(q) V. 784. — *Dilectae ..... Creusae*. *Dilectae* ; not merely *loved*, but *loved by choice* or *preference* ; an exact knowledge of the meaning of this word enables us to observe the consolation, which Creusa ministers to herself, in the delicate opposition of *dilectae Creusae* to *regia conjux Parta*.

(r) V. 785. — *Non ego Myrmidonum sedes, &c.*

*Cleop.* Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,  
Not once be chastised with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varlotry,  
Of censuring Rome ? &c.

*Anton. & Cleop.*, Act. v, Sc. 2.

(s) V. 790. — *Haec ubi dicta dedit, &c.*  
This having said, she left me all in tears,  
And minding much to speak ; but she was gone,

And subtly fled into the weightless air. [neck :  
Thrice raught I with mine arms to accoll her  
Thrice did my hands' vain hold the image escape,  
Like nimble winds, and like the flying dream.

So, night spent out, return I to my feres :

And there, wondering, I find together swarmed

A new number of mates, mothers, and men ;

A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,

From each-where flock together, prest to pass

With heart and goods, to whatsoever land

By sliding seas, me listed them to lead.

And now rose Lucifer above the ridge

Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light ;

The Greeks held the entries of the gates beset :

Of help there was no hope. Then gave I place,

Took up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

Such are the concluding words of Surrey's translation of the second book of the Eneis ; such the sweet, chaste voice, which the bloody axe of an obscene and ruffian king silenced for ever, at the age of thirty ; *Diis aliter visum*. And this, let the reader observe, is blank verse in its cradle, before it has acquired the sinewy strength, the manly dignity, the high, chivalrous port, of Shakspeare and Milton. Let him, further, compare these lines with the corresponding *rhymes* of Dryden, and then hear with astonishment, (astonishment at the unequal rewards of human deservings,) that Surrey's biographer (Dr. Nott) deems it praise, to compare him with that coarse and reckless

(l) For this reference see next page.



Weeping, and many things to say desiring, 945

(u) And into thin air withdrew : round her neck  
Thrice, where I stood, I strove mine arms to throw ;  
Thrice, from my frustrate grasp, light as the wind,  
Swift as a fleeting dream, the form escaped.

‘ So to my comrades I return at last, 950

The night now spent ; and here, admiring, find  
Vast number had flowed in of new companions ;  
Matrons, and men, and youth for exile gathered,  
A miserable crowd ; from every side  
They have convened, with heart, prepared, and substance,  
To whate’er lands, I list, by sea, to lead.

(x) And now, o’er Ida’s high’st slopes, Lucifer,  
Rising, led on the day ; the Danaï held  
The gates blockaded, and all hope was lost :  
I yield ; my sire uplift ; and seek the mountains.’\* 960

writer ; and that Dr. Johnson, and even Milton, was so little aware, not of his merits only, but almost of his existence, that the former writes in his life of Milton, “The Earl of Surrey is said (*is said!*) to have translated one of Virgil’s books without rhyme ;” and the latter (Preface to *Paradise Lost*) claims for his great poem the (perhaps) only praise to which it is not entitled, that it is “the first example in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.” See observations on *Phaer’s Aeneados*, in the second note, En. ii, 272.

(t) V. 791.—*Deseruit*. Observe the tender reproach contained in this word ; observe, also, that it is spoken, not of Creusa, (on whom the exquisite judgment of the poet is careful not to throw even the shadow of an imputation), but of the apparition, against

which it falls harmless, while at the same time it expresses the bereavement of Eneas, and his affection towards his wife, as strongly, nay more strongly, than if it had been spoken directly of Creusa herself. How the word must have sounded in the ears of Dido ! *Deseruit ; deserted ;* therefore left him free to form a new attachment.

(u) V. 792.—*Ter conatus ibi*.

Tre volte dietro a lei le mani avvinsi,  
E tante mi tornai con esse al petto.

Dante. *Purgat.* ii, 80.

(x) V. 801.—*Jugis*. See third note, vers. 631.

\* The Davideis, that wild, unequal, and irregular, but highly poetic, effusion of the neglected Cowley, is a paraphrase, and, in many places, almost a translation, of the two first books of the Eneis.



## ADDENDA TO THE NOTES.

EN. i. V. 1.—*At nunc horrentia Martis Arma, virumque cano, &c.*

Canto l'armi pietose, e 'l Capitano,  
Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo :  
Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano,  
Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto ;  
E in van l'Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano  
S'armò, ecc. \* \* \*  
\* \* \*  
O Musa, tu, ecc. \* \* \*

*Tasso. Gerus. Lib. i, 1.*

EN. i. V. 225.—*Vertice caeli.* The highest part, or *arx*, of heaven ; where (sciz. because the palace of the earthly king was always seated on the *arx* of the city, see En. ii, 760 ; 2 Samuel, v. 9), the poets, necessarily taking their notions of heavenly, from the corresponding earthly objects, placed the palace of the Gods. See below, note, En. i, 250.

On looking at the translation again, I perceive that I have accidentally omitted to translate the words, sic vertice caeli.

EN. i. V. 250.—*Caeli....arcem.* Not, the high place, sciz. heaven, but the high place, or high part, or citadel, of heaven ; where, as appears from Ovid, the poets located the palace of the superior Gods.

Quae pater ut summâ vidit Saturnius arce,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Dextrâ laevâque Deorum  
Atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.  
Plebs habitant diversa locis. A fronte potentes  
Caelicolae, clarique, suos posuere Penates.  
Hic locus est, quem, si verbis audacia detur,  
Haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.  
*Metam. i. 163.*

See above, note, En. i, 225.

EN. i. 592.—*Quale manus &c.* If further argument be necessary to prove, that it is to Eneas's yellow hair that the yellow gold is compared in this simile, I beg to refer to an exactly corresponding simile, where the whiteness of the skin is, as here, compared to ivory, and the yellow hair to the

shining gold. It is in the elegant canzonet, generally attributed to Cornelius Gallus, and printed along with his elegies :—

Lydia, bella puella, candida  
Quae bene superas lac et lilium,  
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,  
Aut expositum ebur Indicum ;  
Pande, puella, pande capillulos  
Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum.

A similar comparison is also made by Ariosto :—

Di persona era tanto ben formata,  
Quanto me' finger san pittori industri ;  
Con bionda chioma lunga ed annodata :  
Oro non è che più risplenda e lustrì.  
*Orland. Fur. vii, 11.*

So also Tasso's Armida :—

Torse in anella i crin' minuti, e in esse,  
Quasi smalto sù l'or, consparsi i fiori.  
*Gerus. Lib. xvi, 23.*

EN. i. V. 636.—*Munera laetitiamque dei.* This uncompleted line plainly appearing to me to be the uncompleted translation of the line—

Οἷα Διόνυσος δᾶν' ἀνδράσι χάριμα—  
*Hesiod, Shield of Hercules, vers. 400.*

I have adopted the ordinary reading, *dei*, and the ordinary interpretation ; and cordially concur with the arguments of Forbiger for that reading and interpretation, and against the reading and interpretation proposed by Aulus Gellius, and supported by Heyne, Brunck, Jahn, Wagner, and Thiel.

EN. ii. V. 83.—*Falsâ sub proditione Pelasgi.* My interpretation of this passage is remarkably confirmed by the express and strong distinction, made by Ovid, between the party who accused, and the party who condemned Palamedes :—

An falso Palameden crimine turpe  
Accusasse mihi (sciz. Ulyssi), vobis (sciz. Pelasgis)  
damnasse decorum est ?  
*Metam. xiii, 308.*



EN. ii. V. 85.—*Cassum lumine*. The exactly corresponding expression, *Luce carentum*, (Georg. iv, 472), *Qui hac luce careant*, (Cic. Tusc. i, 6,) shows that *cassum lumine* is, simply, *carentem lumine* (*die*), i. e. *dead*.

EN. ii. V. 217. — *Spiris*. With a similar correct precision, our own Milton applies the term *spires* to the coils of the serpent when *erect*, or *raised upright*.

Not with indented wave  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling *spires*,  
*Par. Lost*, ix, 496.

EN. ii. V. 631.—*Traxitque jugis..... ruinam*. I beg to add, as an additional argument for the junction of *jugis* with *traxitque*, that its junction with *avulsa*, necessitating a pause after *traxitque*, wholly destroys the cadence of the verse, which must then be read thus—

Congemuit—traxitque—jugis avulsa—ruinam.

How unlike

Congemuit—traxitque jugis—avulsa—ruinam.

This argument were, I think, alone sufficient to determine the structure, and, with the structure, the meaning. For a similar *absolute* use of *avulsus*, see En. iii, 575; ix, 490.

## END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

### ERRATA.

- Page 7. Notes, 2nd col. line 4 from top, for "devaricating" read "divaricating."  
 — 7. Notes, 2nd col. line 20 from top, for "verum" read "virum."  
 — 21. Notes, 2nd col. line 4 from bottom, for "parrallel" read "parallel."  
 — 27. Notes, 1st col. line 1, for "Nausica" read "Nausicaa."  
 — 34. Line 546, for "Assauging" read "Assuaging."  
 — 35. Line 578, for "sparkled locks" read "locks dishevelled."  
 — 43. Line 748, for "fruitful" read "opime." (See note, En. ii, 782.)  
 — 47. Notes, 2nd col. line 5 from top, for "V. 496 and note" read "En. i. 496; ii, 403; and notes."  
 — 61. Notes, 2nd col. line 15 from top, for "Trojan" read "Trojam."  
 — 82. Line 323, *dele* comma after "gates."  
 — 82. Notes, 1st col. line 7 from top, for "En. ii, 81," read "En. i, 81."  
 — 84. Notes, 2nd col. line 13 from bottom, for "ane" read "and."  
 — 91. Line 392, for "ineluctible" read "ineluctable."  
 — 91. Notes, 2nd col. line 10 from top, after the word "ditch," add, "For an example of *arx*, used in this general sense, see En. x, 805."  
 — 95. Line 481, for "knotless locks" read "locks dishevelled."  
 — 101. Notes, 1st col. line 8 from bottom, for "tute" read "tutte."  
 — 105. Line 629, for "now, and now," read "now—and now—".  
 — 115. Notes, 2nd col. line 4 from bottom, for "522" read "552."



















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